

The Sketch

No. 840 — Vol. LXV.

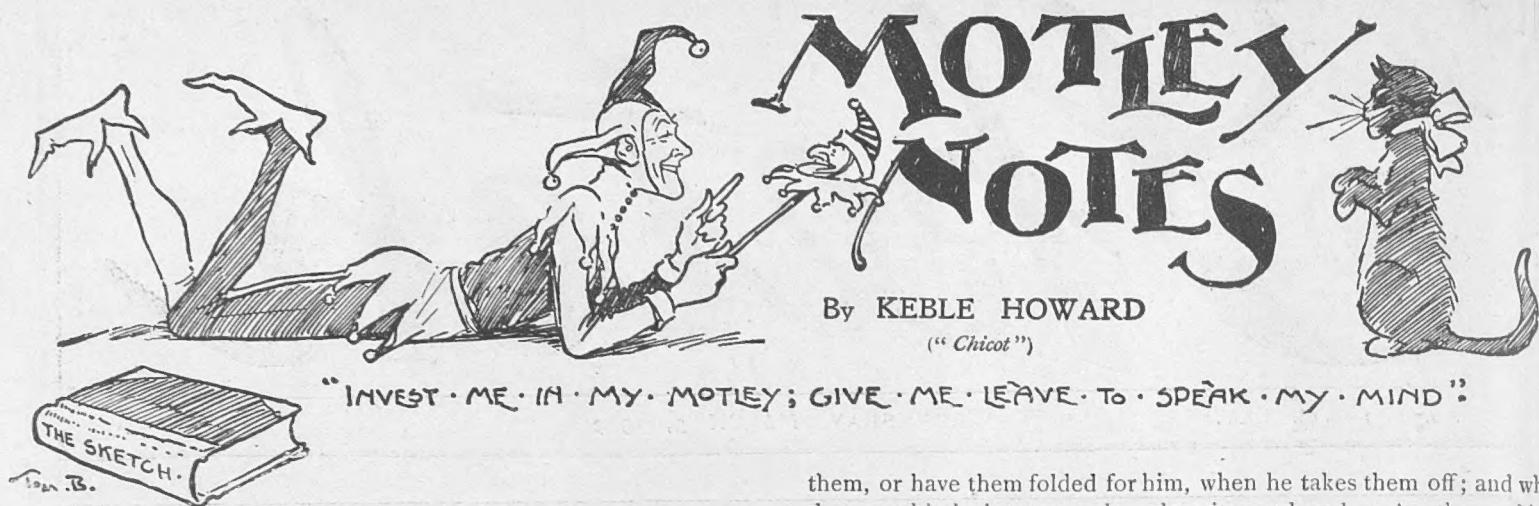
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



PASSING FAIR — THE MERRY MAID OF MAXIM'S: MR. GEORGIE MAHRER AND MISS GABRIELLE RAY
IN "THE MERRY WIDOW."

Photograph by Bassano.



A Little Lecture on Politeness. I was travelling the other day on a tramcar in the South of London. My fellow-passengers were quiet, civil people—the mother of a family, with a child on either side of her, a studious-looking young man in spectacles, a parson and his wife, a world-weary charwoman, and so on. Quite a harmless party. Some of us were talking in subdued tones; some stared through the windows at the shops and people on the pavement; some were content with their own thoughts. Suddenly we were startled by the harsh cry—"All fares, please!" It was a cry that sent your hand to your pocket as though you had been wondering whether you could manage to cheat the company, and the conductor had seen into your brain. As a matter of fact, all of us had already paid, but the tone in which the demand was made brought a look of guilt to every face. I could not help wondering whether it was really necessary to inflict upon us that terrifying shout. After all, we had done no wrong. We were, as I say, harmless people, prepared to pay anything in reason for the privilege of being carried from one part of the town to another. I confess that I should have been better pleased with the conductor had he approached us in a more deferential spirit, spoken to us in tones of loving-kindness, smiled at us soothingly as he passed from one end of the car to the other.

Courtesy as an Asset. Our ancestors used to say that politeness cost nothing. Nowadays, we are apt to forget that, more particularly when we happen to occupy some position which does not carry with it the right to levy petty blackmail. The small official, into whose daily life the spirit of adventure does not enter, whose income is limited to a definite figure, puts on a mask of surly indifference with his uniform or business coat, and wears it all the day long. He forgets that politeness costs nothing; moreover, he appears to be ignorant of the fact that politeness has a definite commercial value. It is not the man who wears a sulky look as he goes about his work who is singled out by the observant employer for promotion, but the man who makes the customer or the client feel that his patronage is appreciated. In one of my daily papers the other morning I read, on the authority of a tramway-conductor, that his rule-book contained an instruction bidding him express regret should any passenger fall off the car into the street. This is an excellent rule, but the pity of it that such a rule should be necessary! "Sorry by Order" the paragraph was headed. What a scathing criticism on the churlishness of our scrambling, selfish age! And the worst of it is that this churlishness is merely a convention. Tram-conductors, I am sure, have hearts; ay, and post-office girls, too!

Test of the Trouser. I am but mildly interested in this reported attempt of the tailors to abolish trousers. Mr. Vincent, editor of the *Tailor and Cutter*, appears to have said that trousers are "unhygienic, inartistic, effeminating, and degrading." "It is impossible to deny," he goes on, "that a study of trouser-legs, as seen in the photographs of our most noted men, brings the smile of contempt from even the most disinterested—indeed, one wonders if there could be anything uglier than the concertina folds of the clumsy, elephantine outlines that are there to be seen." It comes to this, then: We are to be deprived of our trousers because "our most noted men" do not know how to wear them. There you have the secret of the whole turmoil. Anybody can wear a coat, or a hat, or a pair of gloves, but the trousers find them out! Very stout men will never look well in trousers, or very short men, or men whose legs are not straight. Apart from these, no man will ever look well in trousers who does not see to it that they are properly cut; who does not fold

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot")

them, or have them folded for him, when he takes them off; and who does not hitch them up when he sits or kneels. Another golden tip is this: always wear your trousers turned up—dress-trousers and trousers worn with a frock-coat or morning-coat excepted. They will never hang properly unless you do. It is expensive, of course, but what artist would think of that!

"Courage, My Quiet Friend!"

It is rather curious to find the *Times*, of all papers, championing the cause of the notoriety-monger by attacking his critics. "There is a great deal of cant at the present day," says the *Times*, "about advertising, emitted by persons who are very keen to get all the advertisement they can, and to get it for nothing if possible. Quiet people, who really do not want to advertise themselves, are much less censorious." It is perfectly true, of course, that the quieter you are the less censorious you are. When you are dead, for example, you are not censorious at all. You allow people to humbug and cheat and snarl to their heart's content. But I do not quite see, quiet person though I am, why I should pretend to be dead before I am dead. I do not see why I should not make my little protest against the social follies and indecencies of the age, nor do I think it quite fair of the *Times* to get up and tell me that I am merely doing it to advertise myself. Carry this theory far enough, and you will soon sweep into oblivion all the people who want to see the world run on straight lines. When the honest man rebukes the thief, the thief invariably retorts that, if he did not take the money, the honest man would. The fallacy is even more venerable than the *Times*: in point of fact, it is as old as the science of logic.

A Godsend for Mr Heaton.

I have been wondering lately what Mr. Henniker-Heaton finds to do with himself now that the postal system of the world is almost completely reformed. It seems, however, that he has not quite finished with the subject. Here is his question for the Postmaster-General: "Whether his attention had been called to the statement made by a well-known philatelic authority that the British penny stamp is the meanest of all the stamps of the same value issued by the nations in the civilised world; that it has a made-in-Germany look; that the paper it is printed upon is cheap and poor; that the design of the stamp is not good, and the colour not satisfactory." It is a pity that Mr. Henniker-Heaton cut short his question at that point. Of far greater importance than the design and colour of our penny stamp, or the quality of the paper, is the quality of the gum on the back of it. Years ago, in these Notes, I complained that there was not enough gum on our penny stamps. Somebody, I notice, has seen to that. There is now plenty of gum on the stamps, but the quality, I fancy, has gone off. The British penny stamp, which might be made so appetising with a very little trouble, is at present the least effective appetiser in the world. If Mr. Henniker Heaton will not try to remedy this state of affairs, I commend the notion to the advocates of Temperance Reform.

"Unto Him That Hath . . ."

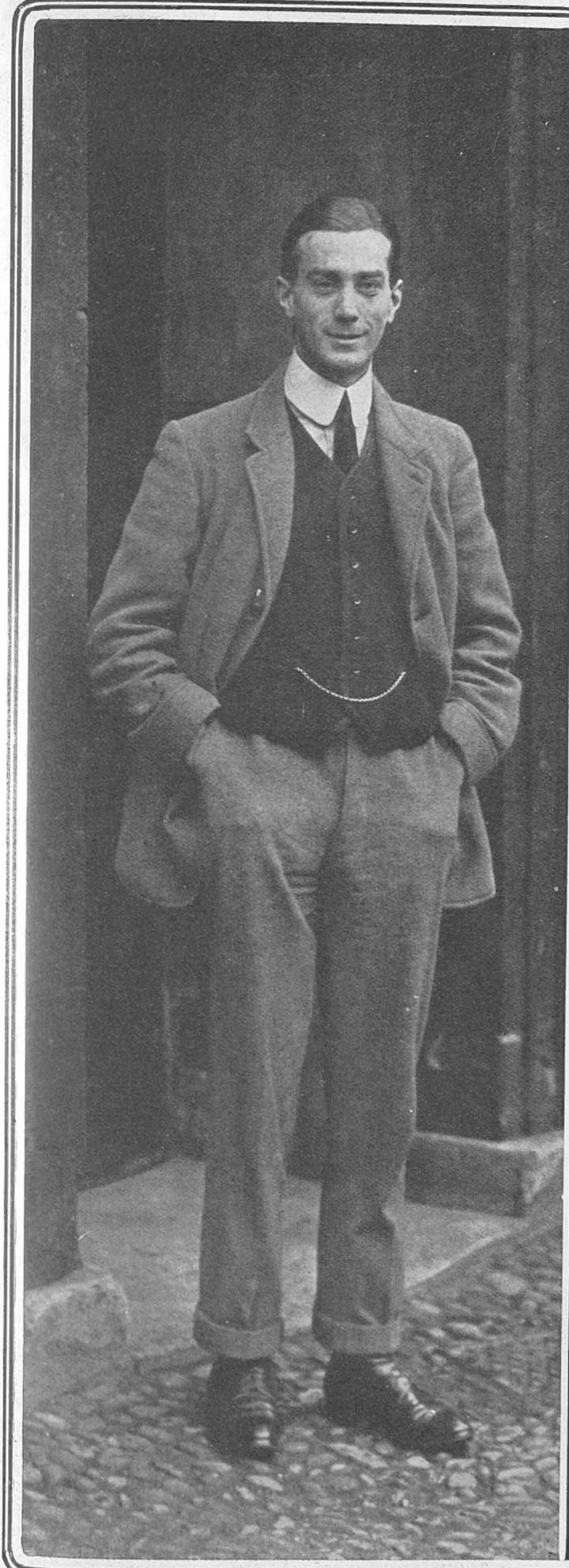
Congratulations to Mr. Leslie Stuart on the offer from Messrs. Shubert Brothers, of America, of an annuity for life in return for an option on the American rights of all the music he may write in future. I am selfish enough to hope, however, that the amount of the annuity will not be so large that Mr. Stuart will abandon his present pleasant custom of writing tunes that I can play on the piano. Besides, it would be rather awkward for Messrs. Shubert Brothers if Mr. Stuart now contented himself with one oratorio every four or five years. They would be rather in the position of the late Queen Victoria and her order for the complete works of Lewis Carroll.

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CARRY OF CAIUS: IMPERSONATING A NATION.

"IF YOU DON'T SMASH THE BOTTLE, THE BOTTLE WILL SMASH YOU."



1. MR. HUGH D. ROBINSON, OF CAIUS, WHO, MADE UP AS MRS. CARRY NATION, ADDRESSED THOSE PRESENT AT THE ANNUAL DEBATE BETWEEN CAIUS AND EMMANUEL COLLEGES, ON ALCOHOL AND SMOKING AS THE TWIN CURSES OF THIS GENERATION.

2. MR. A. D. McNAIR, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNION SOCIETY, IN WHOSE LODGINGS MR. ROBINSON WAS MADE UP; AND MR. ROBINSON AS MRS. CARRY NATION.

3. MR. ROBINSON AS MRS. CARRY NATION—WITH WAR-AXE AND BOTTLE.

An amusing joke was played at Cambridge last week, Mr. Hugh D. Robinson, of Caius Colleges, and addressed those present. It was not long before the hoax was discovered, and "Mrs. Nation" spoke under considerable difficulties. It was part of the plan to "let in" the newspapers—the "Chronicle," for instance, received a telegram describing the visit in all seriousness, but, doubting its authenticity, did not publish it until after the hoax was announced. In the message it was stated that among the phrases used by the speaker was: "If you don't smash the bottle, the bottle will smash you."

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.

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TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.

The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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March 3, 1909.

Signature.....

• BRUMMELL •
IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER
By COSMO HAMILTON

ALTHOUGH I am a dev'lish selfish feller, in that—how d'y you like "in that"? Exquisitely precious, ain't it? Stylish, and so forth, what? I gathered it in from a man I know who runs a library—I mean he buys books, and has them specially dusted from time to time—I only do just precisely what I choose to do at just precisely the right moment. Being a bachelor and unattached, of course I can and will, and, being human, of course I am. A man who isn't selfish isn't a man. Well, all that over, all those rippin' things well off the chest, and almost havin' clean forgotten what I set out to say—watch "set out to"; that's literary, also — Gad, I'm gettin' a regular pro.!—I'll tell you exactly what I feel about it.

I feel about selfishness exactly what the law feels about clothing, d'y see. I mean—I wish that I hadn't got to say "I mean" always, but some people never see a subtle point—if a man ventures out minus the regulation amount of coverin' he's a stoopid feller, and finds himself in the police-station; and if he forgets to be selfish he's equally stoopid, and finds himself carryin' little parcels, or goin' to places that he wouldn't touch with the end of a barge-pole, and generally being made use of. Do you follow me? Once in a way though, just once, twice a year perhaps, or so, bein' unselfish is more enjoyable than bein' selfish. First of all, it's a change, and that's always jolly. Secondly, you know that it's unselfish, and become a martyr, and there are few forms of self-indulgence more satisfying than martyrdom. And so down I come to my point. Down I come to the thing I set out to tell you about in my dear old Beeish way. I've got a brother at Oxford. He's a man—I mean, of course he's a man, he's at Oxford—who does all manner of most bizarre things. He rows and boxes, and goes into what he calls trainin', and passes through life with both eyes glued on to what is enigmatically called a blue. Restless feller! However, he's young, even for a man, and may grow out of it.

At any rate, these are some of the things he does up there to pass the time, and having received several urgent letters from him to go and see him doin' some of them, especially to see him make—I must say it—a bump, I gathered myself together, had designed some clothes suitable for the occasion, found Paddington, spotted a train, and eventually, after waitin' at some potty station halfway, in order to see three young cows—cow-slips, to use the technical word—moved from one van to another—poor little beasts, in an awful funk, away from mother—put in to Oxford. Hatless, but, thank heaven, well tonicked, the brother boy met me, personally conducted me to a black taxi with great coolness and aplomb, ran me through the hoarding

back-street near the station into the dingy streets round the colleges, and so on to his own, the only college, for a scrap of fodder. What?

Well, here I found, b'Jove, a very charmin' couple of rooms with diamond-paned windows and Birmingham oak, photographs of men in skimpy pants trying to look muscular, a silver cup or two duly inscribed, trophies of raids and orgies, and other undergraduate furniture. All very jolly. It was chicken. And the thing in a basin went by the name of salad. And the brown liquid in the tankard was called beer. I did them all honourably without one suggestive remark. I was a mere man of the world in the hands of a man. Everything went smoothly. Talk was conducted in a studiously quiet way, in easy, flowing language. I heard the word "priceless" twice, and as it was said with a sudden glow of the eye, I could see that enthusiasm, real, red enthusiasm, lay like fire under black coal. Scratch an undergraduate, and you find a human being—what? Well, there was the taxi, and shortly there was the river. It was a golden afternoon, cold and bright. The reflection of the barges and of the stunted willows cut the white stream; a mass of men flowed like a tidal wave up and down the tow-path; punts took packets of men across the river and back again; an indiscriminate collection of friends and townies moved about aimlessly; bevies of people crowded the roofs of the barges, from each one of which floated a flag, proudly coloured, full of meaning; and long, thin, bright brown boats bobbed at the feet of all the barges. Rather fine, rather exhilarating—what?

It all took my fancy very much. It shocked me a little to see great, hefty persons as well as minute little creatures, all hatless, all hairy-legged and short-panted, either strollin' along in heaps or rushin' with twistin' rattles, with pistols, with wild cat-like shrieks in

the cold wind. But still, why not? You can't dictate to men as to their hobbies, can you? And I confess that I yelled with the best of 'em when an eight—one of 'em bein' my brother—came round the bend in hot chase of an eight that was in hot chase of still another eight, and eight after eight in hot chase came chasin' down after each other. Eh? I did, though. I let go a yell that was frightfully bad for my coat; and when my brother's eight suddenly spurted and jumped, leaped forward and bumped the eight in front, b'Jove, I knew why I was there. A moment, an absolute moment, the sort of thing one buys stalls to see in London, and never does see. Well, bless them very much, Oxford men, strange as they are, ordinary as they are, are well worth seein' at play. They gave me quite an appetite. And that's something, d'y see.



O'HARA (who has ordered a ready-made suit, and by a mistake has received one that is several sizes too large for him): Great Scott! I must have been frightfully tight when I ordered this.

DRAWN BY HAWLEY MORGAN.

THE CLUBMAN

The Flourishing Union Jack.

for a hundred and fifty more bunks, and I have no doubt that the money will soon be forthcoming for the new wing which is to contain the additional sleeping accommodation. Jack Tar and Thomas Atkins have both taken very kindly to the club, finding that it is carried on solely for their comfort and pleasure, and that there is nothing educational concealed under its fair exterior. In the first twenty months of its existence

I am glad to hear that the Union Jack Club has so flourished that there is a call almost equal number of men from each Service have used the club, the men of the sea slightly predominating.

Jack and
Tommy.
Clubmen:

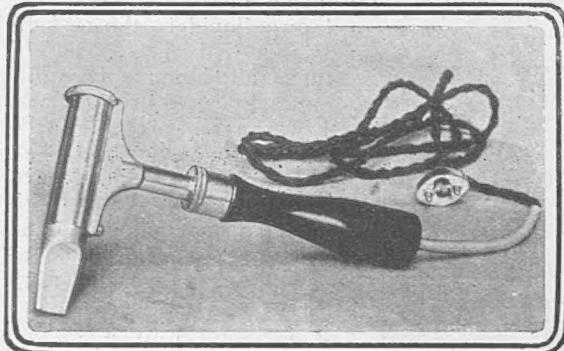
The club is used sensibly by its members. Mr. Thomas Atkins at Aldershot, finding that he has sufficient

Now that the Territorials are becoming a serious force, that their ranks are filling up, and that compulsory service, which before Christmas loomed very large, is falling into the background again, we who do not carry arms, are veterans or busy professional men, or just amiable loafers, should, in my humble opinion, put our hands into our pockets and make the men who are taking our places in the ranks of the citizen army comfortable.

The men have volunteered, the majority because they wish to do their duty to their country, and because they have sufficient martial spirit to enjoy a fortnight in camp more than a holiday on a bicycle or one spent in doing nothing at some seaside town; but there is a large minority who have volunteered at a time of excitement, to whom the brass-bands and the cheering crowds have appealed, and I doubt very much whether these young men will remain in the ranks unless they feel that the country takes an interest in them, unless they are petted a little and feel that their county, or their district, is doing something to recompense them for their guardianship.

No One's
"Terrors."

One of the reasons why it has been difficult to fill the ranks of some of the London corps is that they are nobody's children. The crack corps have an individuality which helps them in the recruiting market, and many of them have excellent drill-halls and libraries; but the ordinary corps are not well found in these things. They have to keep going with very little to help them; many of the headquarters buildings are not suitable for military purposes, and the districts show little interest in their corps. It is the duty, I feel sure, of each of the towns into which London is divided to get its corps—to give it a good drill-hall, a library, a dining-hall, and a gymnasium—such a headquarters, for instance, as the Honourable Artillery Company has; and I shall be ready with my subscription for this good work when the list comes round. The Mayors of London have shown energy in appealing to the young men of their district to enlist. I hope they will now go a step further and appeal to the non-combatants of their districts to make the combatants comfortable by giving them buildings which will be clubs as well as drill-halls. The young man who goes to a drill-hall in the evenings instead of to a music-hall should find that drill-hall, and also the rooms which surround it, a comfortable and interesting place. A headquarters building which would be a club for the men of a regiment would be the best recruiting-sergeant in London.



TO PREVENT YOU GETTING WAXY: AN ELECTRIC SEALING-WAX MELTER AND HOLDER.

The contrivance is attached to a cord and plug, in much the same way as is an electric table-lamp. The wax is melted by the electric current.—[Photograph by Topical.]

cash for an evening's amusement, writes up to the steward to reserve him a bed, and orders the dinner which he thinks will be most to his taste, applies to his colour-sergeant for a pass, which goes through the orderly-room, comes up to town, has a good dinner at his club, goes to a theatre or a music-hall, sleeps that night at the Union Jack, and goes back again to camp next morning, having enjoyed himself, as he would say, "just like a blooming hossifer." And now the appeal has gone forth to give the club another hundred and fifty cubicles, and I hope that the response will be liberal.

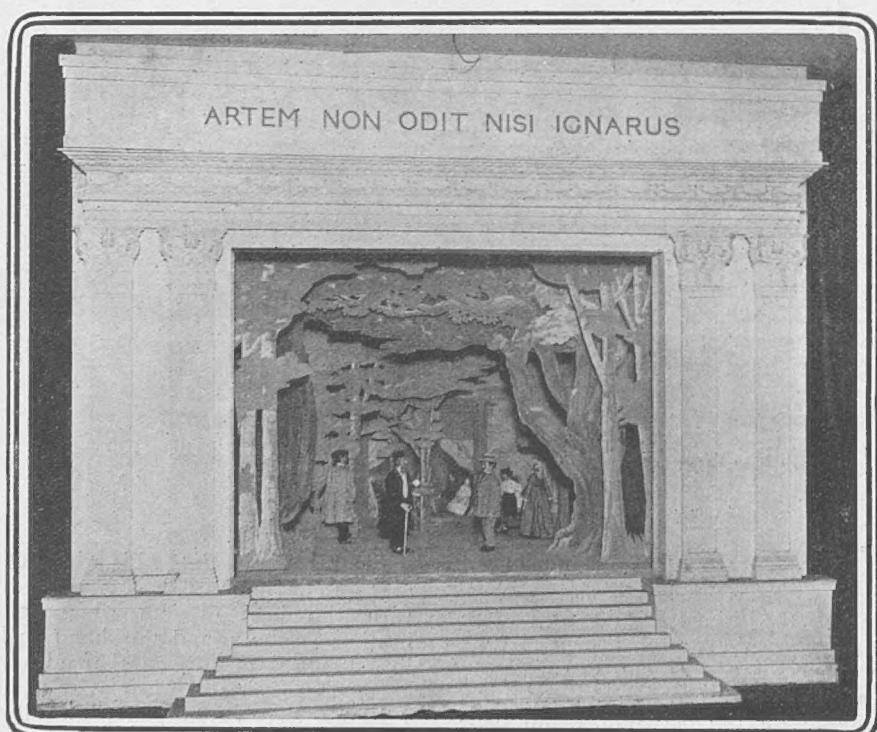
More Clubs. A suggestion has been made that other Union Jack Clubs should be built near Euston and

Victoria Stations. There is always the possibility of a club becoming too large to be efficiently controlled by one secretary, and the present Union Jack, which, when enlarged, will contain over three hundred and fifty bedrooms, will be a very big building. Admirably handy as the club is for men coming to Waterloo from Aldershot and Portsmouth, the men arriving at the western or northern stations of London from the south, the west, and the north have a long journey across London before they get to their club. When the needs of London are satisfied, Edinburgh and Dublin may well be allowed to ask why they should not have Union Jack Clubs. Both these capitals have, I believe, Soldiers' Homes, which are excellent institutions, but there is not the freedom and independence about the man in a Soldiers' Home that there is in a man using his club. The lodging-houses in Dublin have improved since I soldiered in the dear, darling, dirty city; but when I knew the town on the Liffey well there was more need for a Union Jack Club there than in London.



FOR USE IN MELTING MOMENTS: THE NEW ELECTRIC SEALING-WAX HOLDER.

Photograph by Topical.

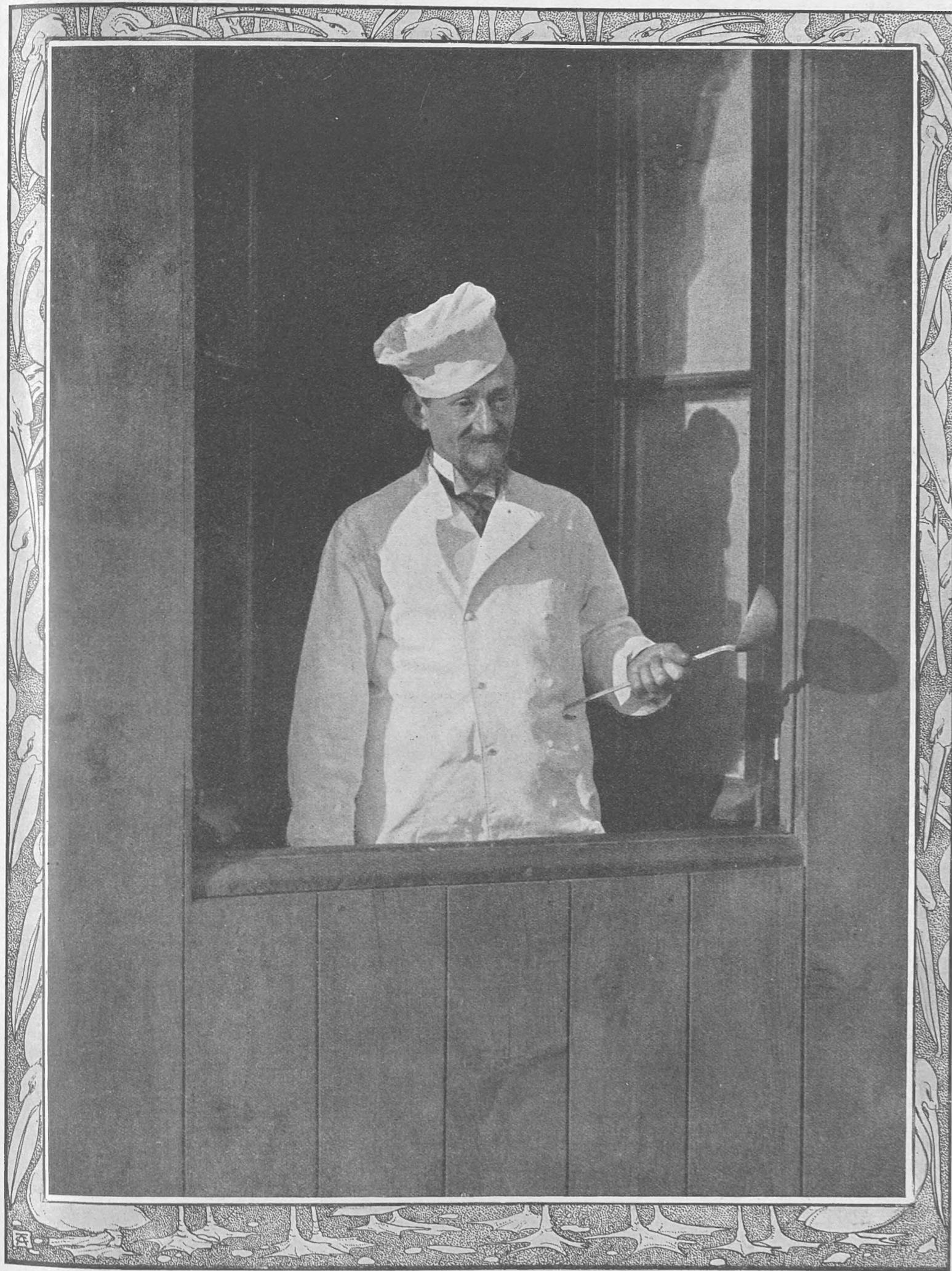


A LONDON MARIONETTE THEATRE AT WHICH A MAETERLINCK PLAY HAS BEEN PRODUCED: THE NEW PLAYHOUSE FOR PUPPETS.

As we note on another page of this Issue, it is evident that the marionette is to become fashionable again. The vogue has been started by this miniature playhouse, in which puppet actors have represented Maurice Maeterlinck's "Interior," specially translated for the purpose by Mr. William Archer.—[Photograph by Topical.]

comfortable and interesting place. A headquarters building which would be a club for the men of a regiment would be the best recruiting-sergeant in London.

THE GREATNESS THAT IS THRUST UPON HIM :
THE FLYING MAN'S CHEF.



DISMAYED BY MR. WILBUR WRIGHT'S SIMPLE TASTES: THE FRENCH COOK LENT TO THE FAMOUS AVIATOR
BY THE MAYOR OF PAU.

Mr. Wilbur Wright has had greatness thrust upon him in the shape of a French cook, who has been sent to his "nest" by the Mayor of Pau. The chef himself is not altogether pleased with his position, for he wishes to demonstrate his skill by the making of elaborate French dishes, while Mr. Wright insists on fare of the simplest kind.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



WIFE OF THE NEW GOVERNOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES: LADY CHELMSFORD.

Lady Chelmsford is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Wimborne, and is regarded as a typical Churchill rather than as a typical Guest.

Photograph by Speaight.

and painter, best known to the man in the street as having been the successful protagonist in the great Whistler duel, and as having provoked the publication of "The Baronet and the Butterfly." Lady Eden was a Miss Grey, her mother, who is still alive, having been one of the lovely Plowdens. She is still wonderfully beautiful, and has been painted by almost all the great portrait-painters of the time, including Sargent. It is not too much to say that Miss Eden has known

most of the men and women distinguished in art, politics, and letters, for her parents are very hospitable, and the house-parties given by them at their beautiful place, Windlestone, are famed. Lord Brooke is really distinguished among "elder sons." He served on the staff in South Africa, and was at the Russian headquarters in Manchuria as Reuter's correspondent during the Russo-Japanese War. What manner of young man he is may be best shown by the answer he once made to an inter-



TO MARRY THE HON. HERMIONE FELLOWES: CAPTAIN LORD ESMÉ GORDON-LENNOX, SECOND SON OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.

Miss Fellowes is the daughter of Lord and Lady de Ramsey.

Photograph by Lafayette.

MISS HONOR ZOE THURSBY, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. GERALD FRANCIS STEWKLEY SHUCKBURGH WAS FIXED TO TAKE PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

Miss Thursby is a daughter of Mr. Neville Thursby, of Harlestone, Northamptonshire.

Photograph by Thomson.

viewer: "When am I most at home? I never am at home—the world has been my home ever since I left Eton."

Lord Brooke. When the father of Lord Brooke bore that title, his marriage to Miss Maynard marked a considerable change in the family fortunes. Warwick Castle, now so delightfully decorated and pictured and upholstered, had been restored after a disastrous fire only a few years before, with the help of public subscriptions. Lady Brooke, of course, had "money to burn," as well as castles, and "public subscriptions" could never follow fire and water again.

The Moustached "Max." Max has grown a moustache, and the last of the dandies is no more. The boot-buttons that are so delicately worn in his remarkable cuffs, the nice conduct of a clouded cane, all the delicacies of a toilet and a manner that hovered between the suggestions of a Pierrot and a Puritan, are fallen out of sight under the shadow of this single

AUTHOR OF THE PLAY PRESENTED BY MARIONETTES AT THE MARIONETTE THEATRE: M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK, WHOSE "INTERIOR" WAS SPECIALLY TRANSLATED FOR THE PURPOSE BY MR. WILLIAM ARCHER.

Photograph by the Sports Co.

SMALL TALK

instance of false judgment. Max must caricature the lip that, in obeying nature, has played traitor to art. Would that Mr. Max Beerbohm were fooling with us! Might he not make away with it, pretending that it had been but a freak of Clarkson's and that they who beheld it with dismay at the Art Students' Covent Garden ball had been cheated into false alarm? At least, it is not possible that it will stay there as long as the whiskers of the nobleman who complained that, while his hair retained its brown, his beard grew white. "And not unreasonably," said his friend; "have not your jaws worked incessantly these forty years, while your brain remained idle?"



WIFE OF THE NEW MEMBER FOR TAUNTON: THE HON. MRS. W. R. W. PEEL.

Mrs. Peel was the Hon. Eleanor Williamson, daughter of the first Lord Ashton, and popular belief has it that she has an income of £10,000 a year.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

The Impatient Patient. Much graver than appendicitis from the doctor's point of view, is a certain mental disease called

fee-bitis. Its chief symptom is a restlessness in regard to the charges of Harley Street, and a dislike on the part of the patient to contribute to the upkeep of the mansions and motors of the expert. Nor is it a new complaint,

as the celebration of the Duke of Hamilton's birthday, on Saturday, may remind us. It was the tenth Duke of Hamilton who championed the cause of patients against that of doctors when his daughter, having fallen ill in Paris, was attended by MM.

Koreff

and Wol-

owski,

whose

bill was

£10,000.

Patients

were un-

grateful

before the advent of motors, and the Duke resisted payment. His son-in-law, Lord Lincoln, was arrested, and the case went to the courts. The fees were adjudged to be extravagant, and were reduced to about £1000. That was in 1838; but how would the case go here, and to-day, where a thousand pounds can be made in an afternoon? The unfortunate Parisians had given constant attendance to the Duke's daughter for six months.

The "Votes for Women" Duchess.

The accession of the Duchess of Sutherland to one of the Women's

Franchise societies provokes very natural rejoicing among the advocates of Votes for Women. The Duchess brings to the cause not only one of the most charming personalities of the time, but also an intelligent experience of the needs of women workers in the Potteries and elsewhere. The illustrious personage who gave as his ground for opposing the Suffragettes that he had seen some of them will, we must suppose, fly the green, white, and violet, when he next beholds the mistress of Stafford House.



MR. GERALD FRANCIS STEWKLEY SHUCKBURGH, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS HONOR THURSBY WAS FIXED TO TAKE PLACE AT ST. GEORGE'S YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

Photograph by Thomson.

SOCIETY AT THE ALTAR:
THE MARRIAGE AND THE ENGAGEMENT OF THE MOMENT.



1. and 2. MISS KATHLEEN PELHAM BURN AND THE EARL OF DROGHEDA, WHOSE MARRIAGE IS TO TAKE PLACE AT ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH, TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY).

3 and 4. LORD BROOKE, ELDEST SON OF THE EARL OF WARWICK, AND MISS ELFRIEDA MARJORIE EDEN, DAUGHTER OF SIR WILLIAM EDEN, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Pelham Burn is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pelham Burn, of Prestonfield, Edinburgh. Lord Drogheda, who is twenty-four, succeeded his father in the title towards the end of last year. He is a clerk in the Foreign Office. Lord Brooke is Lord Warwick's eldest son and heir, was born in 1882, has been an officer in the Life Guards, and has acted as war correspondent for Reuter. Miss Eden is the daughter of Sir William Eden, so well known for his dispute with Whistler.

Photograph No. 1 by Lallie Charles; No. 2, by Lafayette; No. 3, by H. Walter Barnett; No. 4, by Rita Martin



MISS ISABEL AGNEW, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO CAPTAIN O. K. CHANCE IS TO TAKE PLACE TO-MORROW (THURSDAY).

Miss Agnew is a daughter of Mr. G. W. Agnew, M.P., of Rougham Hall, Bury St. Edmunds.

Photograph by Rita Martin

Hans Busk, and it was her brother who helped to set going the Volunteer movement. The house on the beach, even if it does not change hands, is likely to see much of his Majesty, and Worthing may still have its own week-end King Canute.

A Lenten To-day Wedding. A pretty wedding

will take place at St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, the bride being Miss Kathleen Pelham-Burn, and the bridegroom Lord Drogheda, the good-looking Irish Peer, who has so many literary and artistic tastes. The new Peeress—who, by the way, has a typical Irish

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS.

THE KING discovered at Worthing a house in a garden that seemed to meet all the requirements of a monarch's holiday, occasional seclusion being not the least of these. In the garden he could sit, unknown, within a few yards of his loyal but persistently inquisitive subjects as they walked and talked upon the Esplanade. Beach House belongs to Major Loder, who, of course, has done more than own a desirable house—Spearmint and Pretty Polly both were his. Major Loder's mother, Lady Loder, who lived at Beach House until her death, not two years ago, was one of the five brilliant daughters of

friends on his promising Scottish adventure.

Kings Once. There is always a ready note of sympathy for men in great positions who go back with unspoiled simplicity to private life. President Teddy has not yet settled down in a modern shanty, Lincoln-like, to pass his mornings, hoe in hand, in his back-garden. But England offers the sight of ex-rulers of more than America's millions who show no sign of their change of estate. Sir Robert Peel once complained of the swelled head of an ex-Viceroy of India; but Lord Ripon's hat, on the contrary, always looks two sizes too large for him. The rather unusual sight of three ex-Viceroy within reach of each other was witnessed during the India debate in the House of Lords—the Marquess of Lansdowne, the Earl of Elgin, and Lord Curzon of Kedleston, who has returned from his South African tour vastly benefited in health.



CAPTAIN O. K. CHANCE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS ISABEL AGNEW IS TO TAKE PLACE TO-MORROW (THURSDAY).

Captain Chance is in the 5th Lancers. He is a son of Mr. W. E. Chance, of Oldby Park, Yorkshire.

Photograph by Lafayette



THE RESIDENCE AT WORTHING WHICH, IT IS SAID, THE KING WILL PURCHASE: BEACH HOUSE, THE PROPERTY OF MAJOR LODER.

Photograph by Topical



"NO — FOOL (BUT DON'T PUT THAT IN THE PAPER)": MR. HARRIMAN, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN CAPITALIST.

Curiously enough, or perhaps it might be said, significantly enough, Mr. Harriman was one of the four American giants of finance who were absent from New York when the great slump at Wall Street occurred last week. An interviewer, seeking Mr. Harriman in Texas, was told by the magnate that he was not anxious, and, asking whether he was still in touch with his business, received the reply: "Young man, I am no fool (but don't put that in the paper)." Eventually he agreed to so much publicity.

Photograph by G. G. Bain

Christian name—is very pretty and picturesque-looking, and she will be a delightful addition to the beauties of the Viceregal Court. Lord Drogheda has a lovely place, Moore Abbey, County Kildare, which is situated in the heart of the Irish hunting country.

The Siege of Drogheda. Lord Drogheda bears a name of many amiable and a few extravagant memories. It is long since his people were among the most enterprising of gamblers, but while they were so the famous Dame Street Club in Dublin knew no keener members. If the well-worn tradition of national characteristics still holds together, his marriage to-day to Miss Pelham-Burn in Edinburgh may bring a useful strain of Scottish carefulness to the "regardless" monetary manners of the Irish peerage. But gaming-tables are no longer a lure; bridge is a bore, and nobody will again take that road to bankruptcy. Lord Drogheda has the congratulations of many

touch of partisanship is the best of sauces, and this whetted the palates of Lord Londonderry, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Durham, General Sir John French, and Lord and Lady Granard—the latter taken down by the Admiral, who, despite his supersession, was in the best of spirits. People wondered if "Jacky Fisher" felt his ears tingle that night.

Lady Granard's First "Crush." Lady Granard is looking forward to the night of her first "crush" in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. That will be in the third week in March. To the many charming American hostesses in London she makes a notable addition, and royalty intends to lend her the light of its countenance on this or on some other early occasion. Lady Granard, though an "alien," has quite as many old friends in London as her husband, who happened to be almost unknown to Mayfair before his rather romantic inclusion in the Government formed by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.



WIFE OF ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT KINGS OF FINANCE: MRS. HARRIMAN, WHOSE HUSBAND IS CAMPING IN TEXAS.

Mr. Harriman, in company with Messrs. Morgan, Reid, and Schiff, was not in New York at the time of the crisis, in which many fortunes were lost by speculators. It is said that a good many of the big men of Wall Street knew all about the coming trouble, and that some of them, at all events, had a great hand in the engineering of it. Whether this is so or not will perhaps never be proved, but the suggestion cannot be wondered at. Such things have happened before.

Photograph by G. G. Bain

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



AN IMITATION, AND YET HOW LIKE! MISS GLADYS MOORE, OF AMERICA, AS MLLÉ. ADELINE GENÉE.

Miss Moore is giving an imitation of Genée in New York. The famous dancer has seen her, and has declared that she felt as though she were looking at herself when she was looking at her impersonator.—[Photographs by Hall.]



AMERICAN FOOTBALL ARMOUR FOR BOB-SLEIGHERS: A CREW WEARING PROTECTIVE HEADPADS.

It will be seen that the bob-sleighers, taking a hint from the American footballer, have protected their heads by means of padded helmets. Such "armour" affords, of course, great protection, and may be found extremely useful when a sleigh turns over at a difficult corner, such as the one illustrated.—[Photograph by Chusseau-Flavien.]



PARISIAN FASHIONS IN THE HEROIC AGE OF GREECE: CURIOUSLY MODERN DRESS IN "LA FURIE."

Much attention has been drawn to "La Furie," not only by reason of its value as a play, but from the fact that it shows what great kinship exists between the dress of the heroic age of Greece and the dress of to-day. Two of the most modern-looking costumes are shown in this photograph of a group from one of the scenes.—[Photograph by Bert.]



"PARCELS," OR "BAGGAGE"? SUFFRAGETTES PASSING THROUGH THE POST ON THEIR WAY TO MR. ASQUITH.

Two of the Suffragettes had themselves posted to Mr. Asquith's house the other day, and, as parcels, were duly escorted there by a Post-Office messenger. The "parcels" were refused at 10, Downing Street; so, no doubt, by rights, the ladies whose photographs we give should now be in the dead-letter office.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



YET ANOTHER PORTRAIT: THE STATUETTE OF MISS MAUD ALLAN

BY MRS. DAVID LONGWORTH.

The statuette is the work of Mrs. David Longworth, the well-known American sculptor, whose reproduction of the Sphinx was presented to the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago.

Photograph by Halftones.



THE SMALLEST CONCERTINA IN THE WORLD: MR. VICTOR FERREROS PLAYING IT.

Mr. Victor Ferreros, the well-known musical clown, whose "turn" is now one of the attractions at the Alhambra, plays concertinas of various sizes. The size of the smallest of these can be judged from our photograph; the largest is a huge affair that produces notes like those of a church organ.

Photograph by Hana.

THE SKETCH FROM THE STALLS

BY E.F.S. (*Anonim*)

"Louis XI." The chief event of the last week of the H. B. Irving season was "Louis XI," which endures revival better than any other of the half-dozen dug-up pieces presented during the month. It is possible, no doubt, to smile at the dialogue, which is curiously undistinguished — quite unworthy of Dion Boucicault. For although to the present generation of playgoers his name is mainly suggestive of old-fashioned drama and adaptations, only two or three of which are ever played in London, it should be remembered that he was a man of remarkable talent, some of whose works contain brilliant passages of pathetic and of comic dialogue. Indeed, if Boucicault had not been writing at a very bad period, some enduring works would have come from his pen. "Louis XI." is still quite an effective piece of rather lurid drama, and it deserved a better all-round performance than it got at the Shaftesbury Theatre. However, Mr. H. B. Irving's acting in the name-part is of quite fine quality. I confess I do not like plays exhibiting old age painfully, and I absolutely abhor lengthy death-scenes: in this respect I seem to be in the minority. Mr. Irving represented the King superbly. His Louis is a fine study of physical decrepitude and mental strength—of an old man kept alive for awhile by force of wicked will, and he showed the hypocrisy of the useful monarch very nicely without any unnecessary exaggeration for stage effect. I venture to express a hope that when he returns to us he will think a little of drama as well as of acting, and present something new.

"The Rights of the Soul." The Stage Society had an interesting but rather depressing programme: one feels that when two pieces are given, one of them might be moderately cheerful. "The Rights of the Soul," by Giuseppe Giacosa, translated into current English by Miss F. M. Rankin, is a quite remarkable study of that very unpleasant weakness, jealousy. The author shows how a young Italian, upon quite unsubstantial grounds, begins to suspect that his wife does not love him, which happens, in fact, to be the truth; and, by a fierce cross-examination, he causes her to disclose the fact that, although she had remained virtuous, she loved a man who had killed himself for her sake. Mr. Harcourt Williams played the husband very ably, with what one might call Sicilian vigour; his painful display of abandonment suited the part and thrilled the audience. Miss Halstan, as the wife, acted impressively. It is a pity that the clever young actress Miss Margaret Bussé could not have been found a better part than that of a trifling maid-servant.

"The Bread of Others." Turgenev was a novelist of genius, whose dramatic work is little known in this country, and "The Bread of Others" will not lead to a demand for it. Yet the two-act play—what a superstitious

horror theatres have of dramas in two acts—is of noteworthy quality, and though it moves very, very slowly, it reaches a strong dramatic situation, from which it gradually recedes. Perhaps the most interesting aspect was the picture of Russian country life in 1840. The play has one really fine character—that of an old man who is treated as a butt of vulgar jokes by his superiors, and suddenly turns to wrath and the disclosure of a serious secret. The character was represented quite brilliantly by Mr. J. Fisher White. His work put that of the rest into the shade; but the skilful performances of Mr. Quartermaine and Mr. Ernest Cosham deserve to be mentioned.

"The Real Woman." Mr. Robert Hichens, as the outcome of

"The Real Woman,"

will have the pleasure of learning that the dramatic critics admire him greatly—as a novelist. Perhaps, also, he will abandon his alleged enterprise of converting "The Garden of Allah" into a play, for it will be a sad thing if that brilliant work, so extraordinarily fine in its atmosphere, is translated to the stage, since in the process it is bound to lose its greatest element of charm. "The Real Woman" is a dangerous title; it leads too immediately to the remark that Lady Arden is not a real woman, but merely a theatrical unfortunately, is true. The dramatist task of showing how contact with sin and suffering awakens the latent nobility of soul in a woman of the world; but until Lady Arden's soul is awakened nobody in the audience guessed that she had one. A play of character where the characters are not real is necessarily disappointing: you may have brilliant dialogue (and Mr. Hichens gave plenty of it) and effective incidents (and there were some) but if we do not believe in the people the play has a poor chance of life. Moreover, the pictures of Mayfair and its inhabitants were not convincing. I do not believe that even a Lady Arden would mistake linseed for cocoa, or try to light a gas-stove without turning on the tap. On the other hand, the cackle of the young Duchess, cleverly presented by Miss Annie Hughes, was quite amusing, and several of the people talked epigrams very neatly constructed. Moreover, in the act where Lady Arden goes a-slumming, Mr. Hichens keeps the obviously pathetic within reasonable bounds, and reaches some really effective situations. Indeed, if the author of "A Real Woman" had not been Mr. Hichens, but some newcomer, one might have written almost enthusiastically about it. There was an excellent cast; Miss Evelyn Millard represented some aspects of Lady Arden admirably; Miss Kate Cutler touched the feelings of the audience by a pathetic performance as a poor fallen girl; and Messrs. Henry Ainley, Herbert Waring, and Allen Aynsworth supported the ladies excellently.



"A SOUL'S FIGHT," AT THE AFTERNOON THEATRE.
MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS JEFFIK GUILLOU.

"A Soul's Fight" was known originally as "The Sacrament of Judas." It is in one act, is by Louis Tiercelin, and was done into English by Louis N. Parker.

dramatis persona, and this, has attempted the difficult



MR. HENRY JAMES'S "THE HIGH BID," AT THE AFTERNOON THEATRE: MR. FORBES ROBERTSON AS CAPTAIN YULE AND MR. EDWARD SASS AS MR. PRODMORE.

Mr. Forbes Robertson and his wife (Miss Gertrude Elliott) have just begun a tour, at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." This play will reach its 200th performance on Monday next, when it will be at the Kennington Theatre.

A TOUR DE FORCE IN "LA TOUR DU SILENCE."



A REMARKABLE "MAKE-UP": M. LOU-TELLEGGEN AS THE INDIAN ENVOY IN "LA TOUR DU SILENCE,"
AT THE THEATRE DES ARTS, PARIS.

"La Tour du Silence" has been produced with great success. Concerning the Tower of Silence, we may quote from the "Illustrated London News" of a while ago: "In obedience to the doctrines of Zoroaster, fire is revered by the Parsees so highly that they may not pollute that sacred element by burning their dead. Earth is similarly revered, and therefore a corpse may not be buried in the ground; nor may water be defiled by contact with physical decay... Stripped of all cere-cloths, the bodies of the dead are placed . . . in the allotted places (on the Tower of Silence), and the moment their bearers have withdrawn, the vultures and kites . . . descend upon their prey, and strip the flesh from the dead until naught but the skeleton remains."

Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph by Bert.



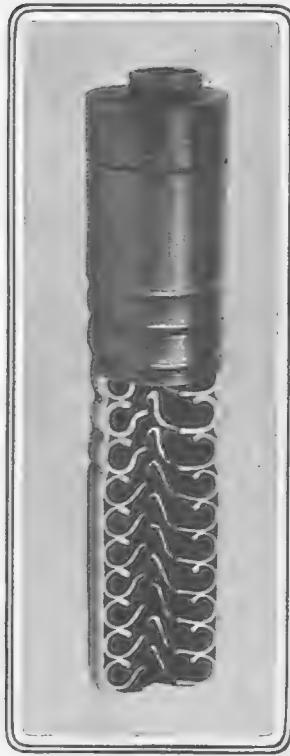
BY ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**The Gods
Astride.**

The latter has no doubt supplied the best of steeds, but that cannot make the Sultan ride well. Eminence and horsemanship do not invariably go together, as Lord Ribblesdale, in a brightly written work which stands to his credit, has been careful to show. We picture Napoleon as a brilliant horseman; in the words of a contemporary critic, he was a "horribly bad" one. His conqueror, the Duke of Wellington, is presented to us in a thousand paintings and engravings as the embodiment of equestrian grace. One who regarded him as little less than a god in battle has left it on record that the Iron Duke had more falls in the hunting-field than any other man in England.

The new horse which the Sultan of Turkey is to receive as a gift from King Edward comes, it seems, from the stud of Lord Ribblesdale.

they neither appreciated nor understood. The Duke sent the lad to St. Petersburg and had him trained. It was as the Duke's protégé that Borisoff went out into the eternal silence of the North to paint



**GUN-FIRE WITHOUT SOUND:
THE MAXIM INVENTION THAT
SILENCES THE NOISE-PRO-
DUCING GASES.**

This illustration shows the turbine-like flanges through which the exploded gases can only escape slowly.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

the Marquess of Bute do not seem to have profited greatly by their prospecting. Anno Domini is too slow for them. They used to manage these things better, not so many years ago, in London. In a suburb an unfenced bit of land was seized by an enterprising gentleman who, without a "by-your-leave," built himself a hut, and, marvellous to relate, in course of time got a licence to sell drink in the premises upon another man's land, for which he paid no rent. The thing went on for years, and the man had undoubtedly secured squatter's rights before the owner was moved to act. So on a certain Sunday morning a messenger arrived to say that the squatter's rich uncle was dying, and hurried the squatter off in a cab to see him. An hour later the wife was called into another cab, on the pretext that her husband had met with an accident, had broken his leg, and wanted her. While they were gone the beer-shanty was nailed up, and a rough fence run all round the land. Squatter and partner, wild with wrath at the "sell," soon returned. They did not recover possession, but they had to be very handsomely paid not to enforce their rights to re-enter.

**A Laurel for a
Tomb.**

in St. Petersburg. Colonel de la Poer Beresford has finally dispelled the legend that the late Grand Duke Vladimir ordered the massacre on Red Sunday. Lovers of art have a laurel to lay on the dead man's grave out of gratitude for something that he did for them. It may well be recalled in view of the artistic achievements in China of Mr. Hodgson Liddell. It was the Duke who discovered Alexandre Borisoff, the painter of the frozen North. He found the unlettered peasant working among a brotherhood of sacred painters, and he realised that they had got a genius on their hands whom

Gifts to Royalty. is likely to be more acceptable, whether the Sultan ride the horse or not, than some presented to royalty. The King woke up one morning to find himself possessor of a brace of tigers, and, lamenting that, while he could accommodate horses, cows, dogs, cats, and even mice and rats, he had no use for tigers, he handed them on to a "Zoo." Perhaps the strangest gift he has received is the hand of a mummified Princess who gladdened the Egyptian Court thousands of years ago. That hand is now a paper-weight. Probably the thing that the King of Spain would like best would be an aeroplane—with permission to use it. His most realistic reminder of danger takes the form of a couple of rugs made of the skin of the two horses killed by the bomb thrown at himself in Paris. Queen Victoria sent the Emperor Menelik furs and rifles and silver candlesticks and rice-bowls. The presents overcame his Oriental calm. He was delighted, and said so. "Other nations have treated me as a baby, and given me musical-boxes and magic-lanterns and mechanical toys, but you have given me what is really useful and valuable," he said.

**Squatter's Rights—
and Wrongs.** The unshaven gentlemen who "squatted" the

other day upon land belonging to the Marquess of Bute do not seem to have profited greatly by their prospecting. Anno Domini is too slow for them. They used to manage these things better, not so many years ago, in London. In a suburb an unfenced bit of land was seized by an enterprising gentleman who, without a "by-your-leave," built himself a hut, and, marvellous to relate, in course of time got a licence to sell drink in the premises upon another man's land, for which he paid no rent. The thing went on for years, and the man had undoubtedly secured squatter's rights before the owner was moved to act. So on a certain Sunday morning a messenger arrived to say that the squatter's rich uncle was dying, and hurried the squatter off in a cab to see him. An hour later the wife was called into another cab, on the pretext that her husband had met with an accident, had broken his leg, and wanted her. While they were gone the beer-shanty was nailed up, and a rough fence run all round the land. Squatter and partner, wild with wrath at the "sell," soon returned. They did not recover possession, but they had to be very handsomely paid not to enforce their rights to re-enter.

THE NEW GUN-SILENCER, SHOWING HOW IT MAY BE UNSCREWED FROM THE GUN.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

Nature as she is. His colours congealed as they touched the canvas, his icy brushes snapped as he painted, even his turpentine turned to solid ice. But, in spite of all handicaps, he brought back to warmer climes a collection of pictures such as we had never seen before, and never should have seen but for the appreciation and munificence of the man now in his grave.

A Dive to Fortune. Let us hope, against all the probabilities, that recent disappearances of notable people may result to the advantage of the persons chiefly concerned. They

can hardly hope for such fortune as befell a disappearing gentleman, of whom one has just been hearing from a neighbour of the lucky man. He was a labouring man living in a small country cottage. One night he went up his garden to cut some vegetables, but did not return. The family seem not to have been unduly perturbed—it was a way, perhaps, that father had. Two nights and days elapsed, then somebody strolling up the garden heard groans, and, looking closer, found a chasm where the parsnips had been growing. Twenty feet or more below lay father with a broken leg. The ground had given way beneath him as he dug. They got him out and he recovered, and explored the place of his confinement. He had toppled into a natural cave below his garden, and that cave led to many more, extending for miles into the hills. He bought his cottage as a pearl of price. He opened up the caves and made a show place of them. They are still among the wonders of the land, and in the possession of his sons and daughters. And he died, not long ago, a "millionaire," as his neighbours call him.



**INVENTOR OF A DEVICE THAT MAY REVOLUTIONISE WARFARE: MR. HIRAM PERCY MAXIM,
INVENTOR OF THE SILENCER.**

Mr. Maxim's invention makes guns noiseless and does away with the recoil. Describing his invention, Mr. Maxim has said: "The exploded gases are made to whirl about in my silencer, and cannot escape suddenly. How is this whirl acquired? Simply reverse the process in a turbine engine. The bullet passes through the top part of the silencer, through an aperture about one-sixteenth of an inch larger than the bullet itself. The gases following (which make the noise by suddenly expanding in the air) expand into the turbine-like flanges in the interior of the device, and they are discharged slowly instead of with a rush, with the result that there is no noise whatever. The 'pull' of gases to get out of the 'silencer' takes up the gun's recoil almost completely."

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

MOUSSE DE JAMBON!

(With apologies to the "Illustrated London News," in last week's issue of which appeared a remarkable reconstruction of our ancestor of twenty thousand years ago, who was described as of the Mousterian period.)



THE PROFESSOR: Eureka! Here's a treasure—a relic of our ancestor of twenty thousand years ago—and in what a marvellous state of preservation! Unless I am mistaken, this is either the left tibia of a prehistoric cave-dweller of the Mousterian epoch—
THE TRAMP (who has just tunched off it): 'Am, guv'nor, 'am.'



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM

B.G.



IN spite of the fact that yesterday Mr. Hermann Vezin completed his eightieth year, his view of the ideal way of celebrating the anniversary is that a manager should offer him an engagement, and so restore him to the active exercise of his profession, in which, by the way, he has already celebrated his diamond jubilee, for he made his first appearance on the stage in Germany, early in 1849, although it was not until Easter Monday, 1850, that he first acted in England. In the course of his long career, he has had many striking experiences. Few, however, are more striking and dramatic than the one which happened when he was playing the free-thinking villain in Tennyson's "The Promise of May" at the old Globe Theatre. In the course of one of the villain's soliloquies, the then Marquess of Queensberry rose in his place in the stalls and shouted, "That does not represent the views of freethinkers." There was a great disturbance, and the Marquess was asked to leave the theatre, which he did, and subsequently wrote a long letter to the *Daily Telegraph* on the subject of Tennyson's misstatement of the freethinkers' ideas. As the representative of the character against whose utterances Lord Queensberry inveighed, Mr. Vezin replied to that letter, pointing out the subtle distinction that the character he represented was not really a freethinker, but that he used some free-thinking arguments to endeavour to reconcile the inconsistency of his actions; and Lord Tennyson was exceedingly pleased with Mr. Vezin's statement of the case.

The production of Mrs. Percy Dearmer's play, "Nan Pilgrim," at a matinée at the Court next Monday, and the association of Mr. Holmes-Gore's name with it as producer, and as the representative of the Rev. John Pilgrim—a hard-working and overworked Vicar of a South London parish—bring into the theatre an interesting association of private life. Before he went on the stage Mr. Holmes-Gore was a solicitor, and lived in South Lambeth while working in the offices of the then Treasury Agents. His spare time was largely devoted to the interests of the affairs of

the opening sentences he had learned by heart, he opened the notebook and read—"Two table-cloths, four towels, etc., etc." down the list, until he came to the ominous threat—"Unless the gentleman's pyjamas are returned at once, two shillings will be stopped off the bill."

His heart thumped, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, as he realised that the book bound in red was not the one containing his notes, but the washing-book! He hurriedly explained what had happened in a whisper to Mr. Dearmer, who answered, "Keep it up for a few minutes; give them a few dates, right or wrong, and I will get you out of it." Thus reassured, Mr. Holmes-Gore went on until he was able to introduce the sonnet, which he hurled with dramatic force at the audience, to be greeted with cheers, which ultimately took the form of shouts for a song from the back seats. Mr. Holmes-Gore was thunder-struck. He turned to Mr. Dearmer, who beamed on him, rose, and suggested in a few words that Mr. Holmes-Gore's good-nature was such that he would consent to convert his lecture into a "sing-song." Mr. Holmes-Gore was amazed. He had done much comic singing in South Lambeth, and was a "star" turn at a fourpenny gaff run by the "Gas-Workers' Parson" on Saturday night. He sang and sang, and instead of being a failure, the evening turned out an enormous success. At the end, Mr. Holmes-Gore asked Mr. Dearmer how he managed to bring about the change. "It was very simple," he replied. "I sent a note to two of the choir-boys, saying, 'Holmes-Gore would rather sing than jaw—why not have a sing-song?'"



WEARING THE TRADITIONAL TRAGIC BUSKINS AND TRAGIC HEAD-DRESS:
MR. G. M. STEVENSON REECE AS
AESCHYLUS IN THE "FROGS," AT
OXFORD.

of them made an appropriate speech, but the not unfamiliar one of attaching the gift to a string sufficiently stout to bear its weight and

sufficiently long to carry it to the stage. The assumption of strength proved, unhappily, incorrect, with the result that while the daggers—which bear the inscription, "But swords I smile at.—'Macbeth,' Act V. To F. R. Benson, from Cork, Jan. 21, 1909"—were in mid-air, the cord snapped, and the scabbard flashed and glinted as it swung erratically above the heads of the audience sitting in the circle. Mr. Benson seized the situation at a glance, and, extending his hand towards the present, apostrophised it in the words of the dagger scene: "Is this a dagger that I see before me? Come, let me clutch thee!" The aptness of the quotation greatly



THE "FROGS," AT OXFORD: THE STYX.

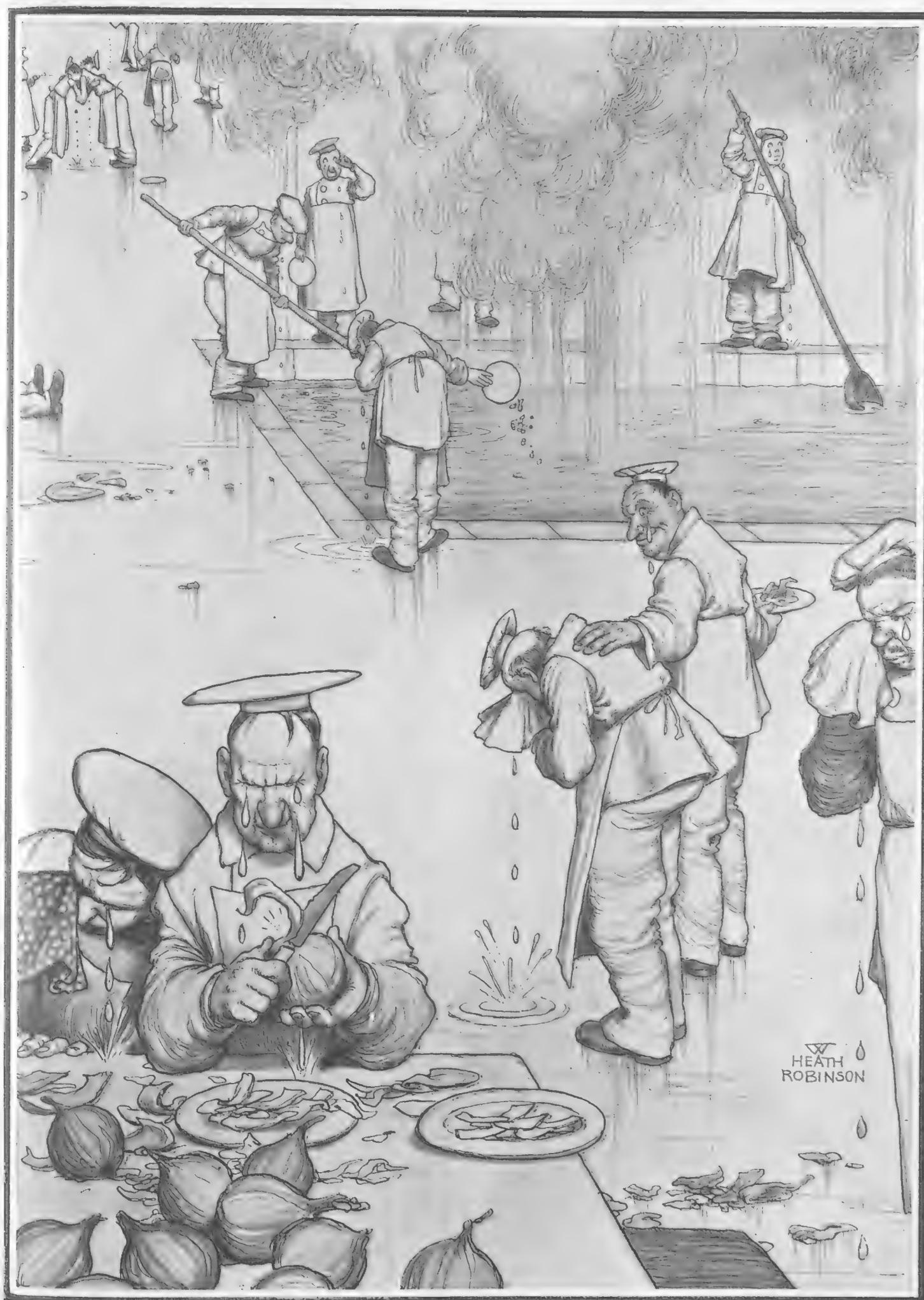
The "Frogs" of Aristophanes was produced by the O.U.D.S. the other day, with much success. The same work, it may be remembered, was presented by the Society in 1892. Mr. E. S. H. Corbett was the Euripides, Mr. G. M. Stevenson Reece the Æschylus, Mr. G. Howard the Dionysus, and Mr. F. H. Grisewood the Coryphaeus.

amused the audience, which burst into laughter, to be renewed as Mr. Benson went on: "I have thee not; and yet I see thee still!" and then he proceeded to thank the donors "for the gift that is on its way."

the chair, and introduced Mr. Holmes-Gore, who, inspired by the fullness of the notes he had prepared, advanced to the table and began his introductory remarks. During the applause which greeted

Great British Industries — Duly Protected.

(SECOND SERIES.)



IV.—THE PEELING-ROOM OF AN ONION-PICKLING FACTORY.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

I SEE with interest that poor dear old Lord Clarendon has been having a tercentenary, like other people: I wish I had known it in time to offer my congratulations at the right moment. Though late, however, they are none the less sincere. Have you ever read the dear old thing's "History of the Rebellion"? I can't help speaking of Clarendon in this way—he has always seemed to me such a pathetic figure. He stayed with Charles the Second all through his exile, and must have thought his great time had come—after all the inconveniences, pecuniary and other, of exile—at the Restoration. So it had, but it lasted such a short while. He was made Chancellor, the chief Minister at that time, and did his best, but never managed to give satisfaction. His daughter's having married the Duke of York, the King's brother, annoyed people. Then he was rather tactless in building a great palace for himself opposite St.

James's Palace, at the other end of the street, where the ends of Bond Street and Albemarle Street are now; it was thought a swaggering thing to do. There were other things, and he got on Charles's nerves, and had to go into exile again. I was always sorry for him. There are, by the way—I forget where: I have not seen them—curious records of Privy Council meetings in Clarendon's day, on which scribbled,

"Can't I go now? I want to go racing," or words to that effect, and

Charles had

his *jeux d'esprit* would amuse me very profoundly. The great Lady Holland said of him that his wit was "local," and I think she was right, so far as I know it. The jokes of the "Anti-Jacobin" are party jokes, not for all time; you have to remember all the circumstances really to appreciate them, and that is beyond a good many of us. I daresay I shall look at the volumes if I come across them, but that is about all. An unscrupulous writer who knew as much about Canning as I would have pretended that he *had* read them, but I scorn to impose on you.

Yes, I am a child of my age, and I shall not fail to read the "long prefaces" which we are told, Mr. Shaw has written to "The Doctor's Dilemma" and "Getting Married," to be published by Messrs. Constable. I delight in Mr. Shaw's prefaces almost as much as in his plays. One finds a lot of meaning in the plays for oneself, but Mr. Shaw finds a lot more, and takes care you shall not miss any of it. I hope he will say a number of

trenchant things about doctors. My chief grievance against doctors has always been that they cannot cure a cold in the head simply and swiftly. Perhaps it is too much to ask of them. I hope Mr. Shaw deals with it. Marriage, too—a long line of wits have said clever things about marriage, but we can trust our Shaw to be original. I like to be of my time, and Mr. Shaw gives us always what is really in the air among those who think about the problems of society. Sometimes he puts it in the air himself, but that does not hinder our enjoyment. Yes, more prefaces by Mr. Shaw, by all means. I wish he would write them for *all* the new books I read. A preface by him to a new book of Mr. Mallock's would be quite delightful.



MISS DECIMA MOORE (MRS. GUGGISBERG), WHO HAS COLLABORATED WITH HER HUSBAND IN A NEW TRAVEL-BOOK,

"WE TWO IN WEST AFRICA."



MAJOR GORDON GUGGISBERG, WHO, WITH HIS WIFE, HAS WRITTEN "WE TWO IN WEST AFRICA."

Clarendon had scribbled back, "No; you can't till we've finished." A very human King, Charles; no doubt he was bored to death by long-winded counsellors.

As for the History, it can hardly be expected to be an impartial account; but, given Clarendon's point of view, it is fair enough, and contains much good reading. His sketches of character are often excellent. There is a picture of Clarendon in Evelyn's diary, just before he was sent away, "in his garden, at his new-built palace, sitting in his gowt wheel-chayre . . . he looked and spake very disconsolately." Poor old man, I am glad they have given him a tercentenary.

It is odd if you accuse me of dwelling too much on the past, for I accuse myself of living too much in the present—for a literary gent, that is—and neglecting opportunities of increasing my knowledge of great dead men. For example, there have been published by Mr. Murray two volumes about George Canning, with hitherto unpublished letters, and "Jeux d'Esprit," edited by Captain Josceline Bagot. I have not read those volumes, and I think it quite possible that in the stress of the daily round I never shall. But I regret it. Canning would stand out among our statesmen as the only one who ever sent a despatch to a Minister abroad written in comic verse, even if his lines of policy had been less sound. He was a brilliant man. I am not quite sure though, by the way, that



MR. HARRY DE WINDT, THE WELL-KNOWN TRAVELLER, WHOSE "LIFE" IS BEING PUBLISHED UNDER THE TITLE

"MY RESTLESS LIFE."

Photograph by Desgranges.

[Photo. Russell.]
MR. HUBERT WALES, WHOSE NEW NOVEL "HILARY THORTON," HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

"The Best Man I Ever Knew" was the title of a signed review I read in a paper the other day. My memory is going in my old age, and I forget who the reviewer was and who was his best man: all I remember of the latter is that he was a clergyman, which was as it should have been. The occasion was the publication of this excellent man's biography, written by his daughter, and my reason for mentioning the matter is that my eye was caught by an expression of hers, quoted in the review: she said that people sometimes said biographers ought to mention their subjects' faults, but that her father had no faults in the eyes of his children. That was quite as it should have been, again, and in this instance (according to the reviewer) there were no faults visible to the human eye at all, so that the biography may have been complete. But I could not help thinking how incomplete (in general) biographies by children or widows must be. They may be quite good as far as they go, but they nearly always need supplementing. There are not many men so good as the Rev. Mr.—I wish I could remember his name.

N. O. I.

THE LAUGHING GAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUTH.



THE DENTIST (*the moment before he goes through the screen*): Under gas, you will be cognisant of nothing till I'm through.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

Two Rovels in a Rutshell

THE GHOST OF YOUTH.

By F. HARRIS DEANS.

AS from the shelter of the trees we watched the youngsters on the lawn, Mrs. Veralour gave a sigh.

"Youth!" she apostrophised, "golden youth!"

I too sighed—Mrs. Veralour seemed to expect it of me. Besides, one must conform to the customs of the society in which one lives. As a matter of fact, I had no particularly painful yearning to resume the somewhat clumsy and distressing habit of youth.

"Youth," I felt it my duty to point out, "is not properly a phase of time. It is not a possession, it is a feeling. One has only to desire, and one has. Seek, and one has found. The Spirit of Youth is within reaching distance of everyone." Then it struck me that Mrs. Veralour was quite near to me, so I ventured a slight bow:

Mrs. Veralour tried to suppress a laugh.

I raised my eyebrows.

"It was such an obvious afterthought," she explained.

Before I could protest Miss Seymour detached herself from the others and came over to us.

"Aren't you going to play, Mr. Blake?" she inquired. I shook my head regretfully.

"I am too old for your games," I informed her.

"But you're not. Is he, Mrs. Veralour?"

Mrs. Veralour turned a critical glance in my direction.

"A man is as old as he feels," she said sententiously.

"And a woman is as old as she looks," said Miss Seymour, finishing the tag with all the tactlessness of youth. Nobody had asked Mrs. Veralour to join in the game.

"Nonsense," I corrected; "a woman is as old as she says."

"Well, anyhow, I'm sure you don't feel old—not now." She smiled at me brightly. "Do come. It's hide-and-seek."

"But I shan't know where to hide," I objected. "I've forgotten the places, since I was young."

"I'll show you. You can hide with me." She swung on her heel and looked invitingly over her shoulder.

I avoided Mrs. Veralour's eye as I rose and followed her. But a sarcastic chuckle which reached me straightened my shoulders and added a springiness to my gait.

My arrival was hailed with a shout of joy, and I was promptly elected to the post of Seeker. I looked at Miss Seymour appealingly. She gave me a reassuring smile.

"He's not going to be anything of the sort," she said authoritatively. "You will, Mr. Miles, won't you?"

For a moment I failed to recognise Jack under this title, until his scowling face revealed his identity.

"All right," he said surlily.

At Christmas they had been Mollie and Jack to each other. Since then, however, Mrs. Seymour had decided that Mollie was grown up. Pretty girls always grow up sooner than plain ones.

Miss Seymour seized my hand and waved off the youngest members of the party, who came crowding round.

"No, you can't hide with me. You'll have to find places for yourselves. I'm going to hide with Mr. Blake. Come along, Mr. Blake."

"Where shall we hide?" I asked, as we reached the shelter of the rosery. "There used to be a little nook among the laurels. I wonder if it's still there?"

"Yes," said Miss Seymour. "Don't let's hide there, though."

"Oh, you know it too, do you?" I said. "Why, not hide

there? Nobody could possibly find us unless they knew of the place; and not many do."

Miss Seymour shrugged her shoulders protestingly.

"Of course, if you're very keen—" she began.

"My dear girl," I cried hastily, "where you please. Heaven forbid that I have reached the age when I can insist with ladies."

Accordingly we sought shelter among the rose-trees, and, seating herself upon an upturned bucket, Miss Seymour smiled up at me. I know no more pleasurable sensation than that which comes from being smiled at by a pretty girl. Although something under forty is the ideal age for a man, at that moment I would willingly have retreated twenty years from this perfection.

I mentioned something of my desire to my companion.

"You're not old," she protested—"that is, not *very*."

I shook my head sadly.

"I hate boys," she went on; "they're so uninteresting—and conceited!"

"Youth," I said wisely, "is the only age at which conceit is possible. Then one can be conceited over what one is going to do."

"Pooh!" said Miss Mollie. "I think a man ought only to be conceited over what he *has* done."

"Alas!" said I sadly, "that is exactly what he shouldn't be." A remark altogether beyond Miss Mollie's comprehension.

She reflected over it for a moment, and then gave it up.

"You're the same age as Mrs. Veralour, aren't you, Mr. Blake?"

"I was once," I replied, "but that was many years ago."

"We used to play hide-and-seek," I continued, "in this very garden."

"That does sound funny," declared Miss Mollie, with a sudden smile. "You and Mrs. Veralour!"

"Hey!" said I. "Hide-and-seek is a most innocent game—or it used to be in my young days. What does that mean?"

"Nothing," she replied, looking at me with innocent eyes. (Her mother had just such eyes—so I had reason for my doubts as to their trustworthiness.) "Did she show you the place in the laurels?"

"We found it together," I said.

"Were you ever discovered?"

"I don't remember," I replied. "Probably not, for we always hid there."

A look of some appreciation came into the young lady's face, and she shook her head at me reprovingly.

"Young Master Jack doesn't appear to have found anybody yet," I said, some minutes later.

"I expect he's only troubling to look for us," she replied.

"Why?" said I, though I knew well enough.

Miss Mollie flushed, ever so slightly.

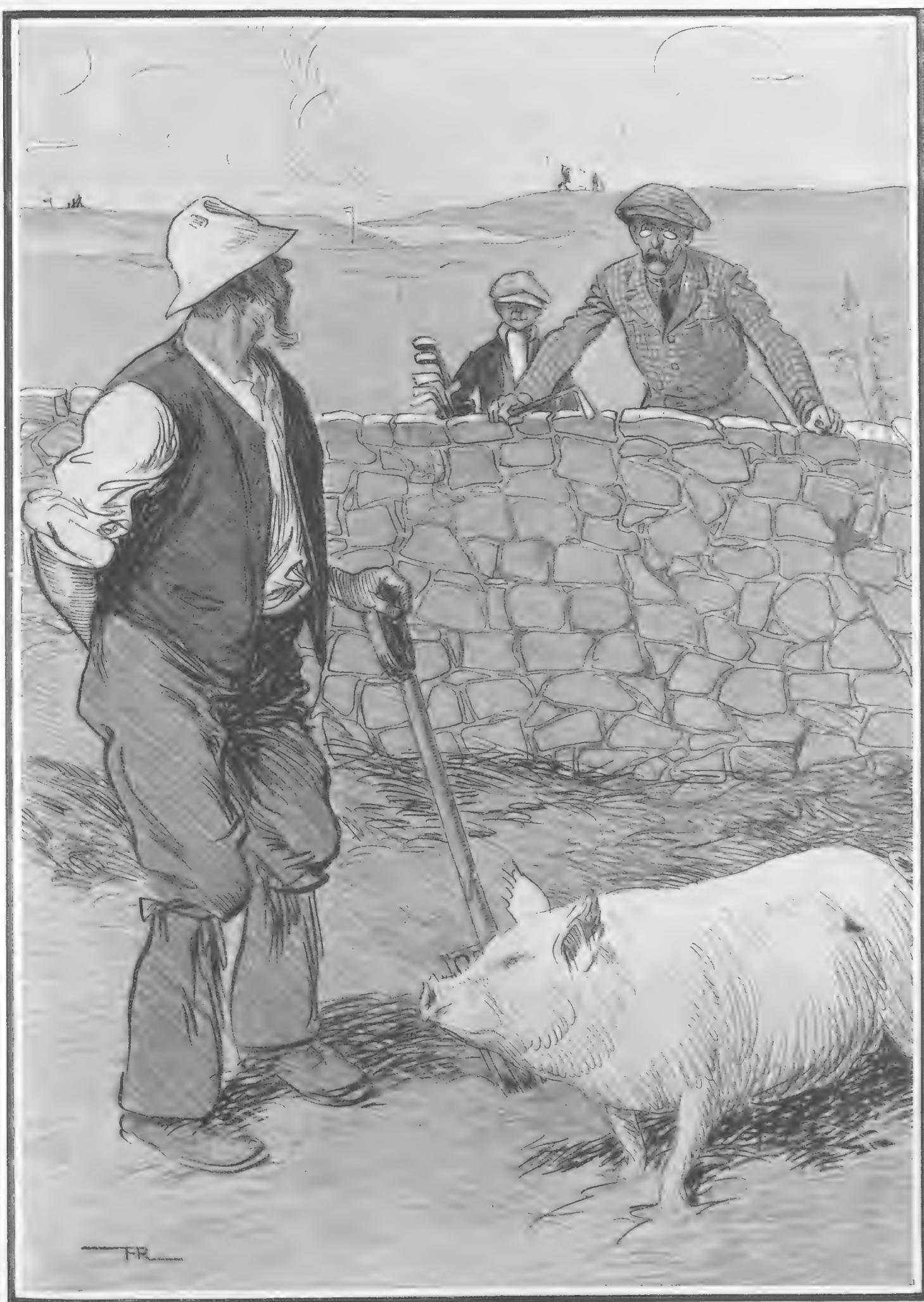
"Wouldn't you?" she asked, her lips pursed impudently.

Then I knew that my theory was correct. For my youth was almost within reaching distance; another inch, and I should be able to seize it.

It capered in front of me, beckoning. It was beckoning me—oh, for many reasons, none of which have anything to do with this story—towards that hiding-place in the laurels—the hiding-place that I knew, and that Mollie knew.

[Continued overleaf.]

LOST BALL!



THE GOLFER: I say, did you see anything of the ball I sent over here?
GILES: Ah! It 'it me fust—and now t' pig's ate it!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

But when we went there I didn't find my youth. Instead, I found Master Jack, very surlily smoking a cigarette. . . .

"Well," said Mrs. Veralour, "so you sought your youth. You found it, of course?"

"I saw it," I said gruffly.

"Yes," said Mrs. Veralour, with a smile which was half sympathy and half malice.

So then I told her all about it.

"You silly man," she said, as I finished, "that was not the Spirit of Youth you saw; that was a Ghost."

THE CHOICE.

BY F. HARRIS DEANS.

THE woman nervously clasped and unclasped her hands on her knees. Her face was death-white, except for two red patches on her cheeks.

"We must deny nothing," she said at last, controlling her voice. The man flicked his cigarette-ash on the floor, but made no answer.

"Nothing," the woman repeated fiercely.

The man frowned at his cigarette, and then rose abruptly to his feet and walked to the window. For a moment he stood staring gloomily into the street. The woman watched him anxiously.

"I don't see why we should take it lying down," he jerked out presently.

The woman spoke no word, and the man could not see her eyes.

"We'll have a fight for it, anyhow," he declared decisively. "He'll have a devilish difficult job to prove anything."

"And if he can't prove anything?" asked the woman, with a sudden huskiness.

The man turned and looked at her in surprise.

"Why, then it's all right. Nothing happens."

"I see," said the woman slowly; "that's the idea—for nothing to happen."

"You talk as if you wanted something to happen."

The woman looked into the distance.

"I should have thought—you would have wanted this to come."

"Wanted it? Good Lord, do you think I'm mad? Who ever wants a thing like that to happen?"

"Besides, hang it all," he cried with sudden indignation, "you're his wife. He must be taught he can't chuck you over just because it suits his book."

"Oh," said the woman, and there was a touch of irony in her tone, "it's for my sake we are going to fight?"

"Of course. You don't seem to realise what your position would be if he won. And there's the boy too; you must think of him."

"Do you think I haven't thought of him?" she cried with sudden passion. "Do you think I've waited for this moment to

think of him—and decide? I settled all that with myself at the very first. What sort of woman do you think I am?"

The man look at her incomprehendingly.

"You mustn't talk like that," he said soothingly—"you're no worse than most of them."

The woman turned sharply, as if she would strike him.

"Thank you," she said scornfully.

"You understand me so beautifully," she explained. "Your consolation is so gratifying—and delicate."

The man shrugged his shoulders with an angry frown.

"It's no good rowing," he said; "we've got to hang together in this thing."

The woman took a cigarette from a box on the table and, lighting it, smoked thoughtfully.

"Do you remember," she asked, "once saying you wished you had met me before I married him?"

"Yes," he said sullenly.

"Did you mean it? You can tell me now, you know."

"Yes, I suppose I did. Well, yes I did. I do now, if it comes to that. Why?"

"Nothing," said the woman slowly, "only . . ."

For a wonder the man partly understood her.

"Do you think I'm a blackguard?" he burst out. "Of course, I shall, if—"

"If you must," suggested the woman with a twisted smile.

"If it's necessary," he replied shortly. "But it won't be necessary. He's got no proof. Suspicion won't help him much."

"And me? Has it occurred to you to think about me? It won't be particularly agreeable to have been suspected."

"It's better than being found out," answered the man gruffly.

The woman looked with stony eyes along the two avenues of which the future professed her choice.

She looked at the set face of the man.

"Yes, I suppose it is," she assented, with a sigh.

THE END.



CATS MEET.

{DRAWN BY CHARLES FOLKARD.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

THE Duchess of Sutherland had a play produced some time ago, but not under her own name; but the lovely Marchioness Townshend has allowed her one-act play, "The Novice," to be performed not only under her own name, but with her own stage scenery. Lord and Lady Townshend are very popular in the neighbourhood of Maidenhead, at which Town Hall "The Novice" was performed. The play is of a romantic nature, the heroine being, in fact, an inmate of a convent. Lady Townshend has always had strong literary tastes, and some time ago she published a book of poems entitled "In the King's Garden." She is herself an excellent amateur actress, and the scenery of "The Novice"—which was, by the way, performed in aid of a working-man's club—was all painted by herself.

Unfair "Fares." Those of us who have never suffered at the hands of the taxi-driver do not always join in the congratulations that speed from the magistrate to the "fare" who resists the occasionally capricious demands of the "cabbies." For instance, if, while you fumble in your pocket for change, the machine hastens to ring out another two-pence, that had been on the tip of its tongue when you alighted, it should not be necessary to go to the Bench about it, especially when the cigar you lose in your annoyance cost a shilling. Another recent case seems almost as exacting, and we are reminded that the driver has not all the good fortune that once was his. There is, for instance, no Lord Alvanley to tip a sovereign where only a crown was due, as that gentleman did on an occasion of high spirits. He had fought a duel with Mr. O'Connell, after some hot words in the House, and on his return he tendered his gold to his hackney coachman. "But it's only two miles there," said the man; and Alvanley replied: "It is not for carrying me there, my good fellow, but for bringing me back."

The Whistler and the Skipper.

It was while skipping at the Gaiety that Connie Gilchrist, then a mere child, caught the artist's eye of Whistler. She skipped for him in his studio that he might paint her as he most wished to do, and she is still skipping in the portrait that now takes its place among others of Fair Women at the New Gallery. Perpetual motion in a portrait is not a very happy characteristic, and

the Countess of Orkney, for one, has never much cared to possess the thing. It makes her tired, in a sense more literal than America generally gives to the phrase. The picture has, like many a Whistler, had adventures. When the master's goods and canvases were seized at the White House and sold by auction the "Gold Girl"—as the Countess's portrait was generally called, fetched only fifty guineas; and now!

Heredit and Hunting.

The Duke of Manchester, who is thirty-two to-day, may remember with some encouragement the example of the first of the Victorian Dukes of the line, a man after—or before—his own heart. A keen sportsman, either with the gun or astride, he flourished till the age of seventy-two, and died in Rome just when the Vatican was frowning upon another English en-

thusiast who had imported a pack of fox-hounds and was hunting with them on the Campagna during Lent. The Duke of Manchester had an adventure of his own on the Continent the other day, he and the Duchess being robbed at the Gare du Nord, in Paris. But her Grace was quick of eye and action, and the property recovered.

Master-Mate and Millionaire.

The Duke of Manchester may be reckoned, among hunting-men, with Lord Huntingdon, Lord Lonsdale, and Lord Dalmeny, all of whom have been martyrs to their pastime during the season. The Duchess of Manchester, unlike Lord Dalmeny's fiancée, does not take her place among the first horsewomen of the day. An American daughter is never sacrificed in the making of an English wife, and it must always be rather exciting to have a railroad boss for a parent, and his financial experiments for an interest and distraction. Mr. Eugene Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, has invested largely in Standard Oil and Railway stock—so much so that even Mr. Whitelaw Reid appears to have forgotten that the Duchess of Manchester's father once held a master-mate's certificate in the United States Navy, and saw active service at Arkansas Post and at the bombardment of Vicksburg. Mr. Whitelaw Reid spoke much about Paul Jones the other evening, but

never a word of Master-Mate Zimmerman.



THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND'S PLAY "THE NOVICE": THE FINDING OF THE BABE.



LADY TOWNSHEND'S SISTER IN HER SISTER'S PLAY: MISS MARJORIE SUTHERLAND IN "THE NOVICE."



PEERESS, PLAYRIGHT, SCENE-PAINTER, AND PROMPTER: THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND REHEARSING THE SCENE OF THE FINDING OF THE BABE, IN HER PLAY "THE NOVICE."

Lady Townshend, who has already made her public appearance as a poet, not only in our pages, but in a volume entitled, "In the King's Garden," is dramatist also, and her one-act play, "The Novice," was due for production at Maidenhead Town Hall on Monday last. Her Ladyship not only wrote the play, but acted as stage-manager, painted the scenery, and was the prompter.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

KEY-NOTES



The Beecham Orchestra.

When it was announced that Mr. Thomas Beecham had severed his connection with the New Symphony Orchestra, for whose foun-

tion he was responsible, many people declared that this very modern musician had thrown away his chances, and that he would be unable to organise in London another orchestra capable of doing full justice either to classical work or the modern music that aspires to take classical rank in days to come. Those who attended the first concert given by the combination who will be known in future as the Beecham Orchestra had no more than a very few moments to wait before they realised that a new force has arisen in orchestral music, while a short, careful study of the orchestra itself showed that some distinguished players were stationed there. The first violins are led by Mr. Philip Cathie, and the second by Mr. Horace Fellowes; the violas by Mr. Lionel Tertis, and the 'cellos by Mr. Arthur Trew. The quality of woodwind and brass is distinctly good, and the orchestra plays together as though it had been in working order for months past. In Mr. Beecham's new orchestra established organisations will find a very formidable rival, because it is generally understood that Mr. Beecham's first and last aim is the most complete presentation possible of the music selected for performance, and that no work will be given before it has received adequate rehearsal. If the applause that greeted the orchestra's first appearance may be taken as a criterion, the public will soon be responding in generous measure to Mr. Beecham's efforts.

In the Fen Country. In a programme divided between the work of Berlioz and living composers there was no dull item, but special interest attached to the first performance in London of Dr. Vaughan Williams' symphonic impression, "In the Fen Country," and the first performance in London of "Sea Drift," by Frederick Delius. The Fenland lends itself to painting, whether the artist's medium be words or pigment or notes; but the spirit of such country is always elusive, and he who would express it must create an atmosphere in which to represent, if not to shroud, his impressions. This Dr. Vaughan Williams has done. His music is the expression of a man whose mind has responded very readily to the strange fascination of Fenland, and reveals appreciation in terms of music with rare skill and a certain measure of melodic invention. The foundation of the work is a simple theme announced at the beginning by the cor anglais, and given out at the close by the violas. Our English country will soon have its tone-poets, who will declare in music what their forebears have set down in words. Among these apostles of what is almost a new art-form Dr. Vaughan Williams is destined to take a high place.

"Sea Drift." When "Sea Drift" is heard for the first time, it is impossible to avoid a certain sense of amusement or of annoyance roused by the emphasis given to some of the weak points in Walt Whitman's exquisite poem. When we are called upon to set serious music to such words or expressions as

"Paumanok," "two-feathered guests from Alabama," "he-bird," "she-bird," "husky-noised sea," it is natural to forget for a moment that the poem itself is a thing of extraordinary beauty. And Mr. Delius

sometimes writes his music as though every word in the line had an equal value, and is inclined to treat his chorus with the indifference which is associated with so many modern composers. At the same time, "Sea Drift" is a work of great significance, with passages that are fully as beautiful as the thoughts they illuminate; and when we are told that the work was written five years ago, it is hardly less than a serious reflection upon our musical development that it should have been presented in England for the first time at the last Sheffield Festival.

Godowsky and Chopin.

Godowsky's recital at Bechstein Hall last week

was given entirely to the work of Chopin, the master to whom he has devoted much time and attention, as his many studies on the "Etudes" must have convinced all who know them. Although many pianists have chosen Chopin as the master they desire to honour above all others, few have succeeded in making their readings individual. Pachmann has succeeded, of course, and has brought out the feminine and emotional side of the composer's genius as no other man has ever succeeded in doing. Godowsky's readings are eminently masculine, profoundly sincere, and associated with

a mastery over every possible grade of tone that gives them a delightful individuality. He played the famous Sonata in B flat

minor without pause between the movements, preserving in this fashion the exquisite balance of the work; and the brilliancy of his treatment was particularly noticeable in the Scherzi, of which he played four. Now and again he might have been heard departing from the strict letter of the score in order to add to its difficulties, but these departures were few. Throughout the recital his readings were of high merit and of interest to all who do not look upon Chopin as a medium for mental debauch. He did not cover the whole range of Chopin's genius, perhaps because he realised that his own gifts lie more in the direction of masculine force than pure emotion, but his selection was a wise one, and a great relief from the sentimentality that besets so many Chopin recitals. It is hard to believe that the work Godowsky selected could have been rendered by any living pianist with such perfection of touch or with deeper understanding.

Concert Lectures.

Mr. Cecil Sharp

is giving at the

Steinway Hall a

course of three Concert Lectures on English Folk Songs and Dances. The first afternoon, on Thursday last, was devoted to Folk Songs, to-morrow's lecture will deal with Dances. Mr. Sharp, who is assisted by Miss Mattie Kay and Miss Winifred Rowe, has also enlisted the services of some little children, who go through

songs and dances very pleasantly. Limits of space forbid detailed description of the first lecture; suffice it that the interest was maintained throughout, and that the series must have a considerable educational value.

COMMON CHORD.

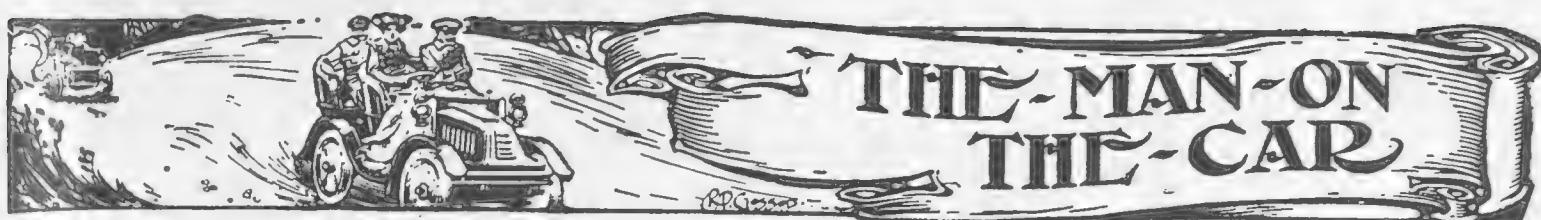


THE MUSIC-CORNER IN A JUNGLE WALLAH'S HUT.
It will be seen that the instruments represent both the East and the West. The circular tom-toms are Malayan; the long, drum-like ones, aboriginal.



A PRIMITIVE QUARTET: ABORIGINAL MUSICIANS IN THE MALAY PENINSULA.

Photographs by Knocker.



Depression? The general lack of optimism which distinguishes the English character is reflected in the reports current on all sides as to the depression in the motor industry. When these reports are traced to their beginnings they are generally found to have their origin in some chance remark of a pessimistic member of the industry, who over-rates the value that Fortune has set upon him.

In order to put this matter to the test, a representative of the *Midland Daily Telegraph* made a round of the Coventry manufacturers, and acquired their views. Seven firms were interrogated, a start being made with the Daimler Company, who said that the new Knight engine was causing quite a decided stir in trade, and was catching on in a most satisfactory manner. The Daimler Company is now employing no fewer than 2500 men, and all the most important machinery is working a night-shift as well. The company will shortly be turning out forty cars a week. They have sold all they have laid down. A very slumpy aspect, forsooth! The Standard Motor Company is working overtime, as also the Rover Company.

The Swift people have not been on short time for two years; the Singer Company are running their shops until nine o'clock; Hillman-Coatalan are doing well, and the Deasy Company are working overtime. So why these fears?

Mr. Lanchester and Lanchesters. The Lanchester Motor Company, Limited, are naturally anxious that the automobile public should understand that, notwithstanding Mr.

F. W. Lanchester's acceptance of a position as consultant to another firm, he will remain consulting engineer to their company, in exactly the same manner as has obtained for the past few years. We should imagine, however, that, so far as the Lanchester car of to-day goes, Mr. Lanchester must find his appointment something of a sinecure, for he has brought the car that most deservedly bears his name to such a pitch of excellence that it would almost appear that human ingenuity can go no further in that particular direction.

Petrol Points. I should like to whisper a little warning in the ears of my readers with regard to the wiles of certain petrol retailers. When a man has found, as he so frequently will find, that his car runs best, fouls least, and pulls hardest on the old-established, world-renowned Pratt's spirit, he should steadfastly refuse to be put off with any other, on the ground, so frequently assumed by the vendor, that it (the other) is just as good, and that it all comes out of the same tub. That is a wicked story; and even were it true, there are points with

regard to Pratt's spirit of which I am cognisant, and which make very largely for the comfort and convenience of the automobilist. The greatest care is taken to eliminate dirt or impurities of any kind from the spirit, and, before refilling, the empty tins are sprayed with pure spirit under pressure, to ensure absolute cleanliness. When it is remembered that a tiny speck of dirt may

bring about jet-stoppage and cause an hour's halt by the roadside, the Anglo-American Company's concern for their customers is to be appreciated.

The Prone Driver. For the single, but none the less very salient, reason that he irritates the public, an effort should be made amongst automobilists to abolish the prone driver. When he is driving for his living I marvel that his employers permit him to assume a position that is at once disrespectful, absurd, and even dangerous. At times one sees these gentlemen almost on their backs, with their silly heads just elevated sufficiently to peer over the wheel, and their legs and arms in positions in which they can exert the least effect upon pedals and brake-levers.

Moreover, the chauffeur, or the member of the *jeunesse dorée*, who adopts this fatuous position is usually found to drive with respect for no one's comfort but his own.

Mr. Burns Reasonable.

Mr. John Burns has once more shown himself readily amenable to anything like reasonable representations from automobilists. Approached by the representative automobile bodies in the matter of tram-car overtaking and passing, the right hon. gentleman has notified his intention of formulating a further regulation in the matter, or so modifying the existing condition that it will be brought into line with common-sense.

The automobile, New and now Steel. The aeroplanic engineer have spurred the metallurgist to redoubled efforts. So much is now expected of the latter savant that a short time since word went round that a new steel would presently be obtainable that would result in an extraordinary reduction in weight. Indeed, it was even suggested that the last days of aluminium were dawning, and that the new production would oust that somewhat un-

satisfactory and unreliable metal from the market. Alas for this is now said not to be the case, for although there is a new steel, it has a manufacturing rather than a constructional value. So the day of a metal strong as steel and light as air is not yet.



THE FLYING TOUR OF "DOLLY REFORMING HERSELF": THE MOTOR-VAN CONTAINING SCENERY ON THE ROAD.



"DOLLY REFORMING HERSELF" ON THE ROAD: THE MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY IN THEIR PULLMAN MOTOR-SALOON.

"Dolly Reforming Herself" is on a flying tour. A single performance only is being given in each town visited. The company are conveyed from place to place in a passenger-car and a Pullman motor-saloon, and the scenery is moved in a motor-van, as are, of course, the dresses and properties.—[Photographs by Bolak.]

THE WORLD OF SPORT

**Starting-Price
Betting.**

a serious blow will be dealt at the Turf, the abolition of which is the ultimate object of the Anti-Gambling League, which is really the power behind the throne in all that appertains to the Anti-Turf movement.

Should the proposed legislation, the object of which is to make illegal the carrying on of a commission agency, succeed, there is no doubt

that starting-price betting may not be considered by all to be the best means of laying out money on a horse-race, but there can be no manner of doubt that it is a means largely exploited by owners of racehorses as well as those stay-at-home backers who, I consider, are unjustly condemned as not being sportsmen. If the owners I refer to are deprived of their favourite method of backing their horses, it is quite conceivable that they will give up the game and thus weaken the Turf. Why an attack should be made on the starting-price offices I cannot understand. It is quite absurd to say that this form of betting is "the greatest curse of the Turf." So far from this being the case, I may point out that the Turf has never enjoyed greater prosperity than during the last thirty years—the era of starting-price betting.

**TO STROKE THE CAMBRIDGE EIGHT AFTER ALL (AND FOR THE FOURTH TIME):
D. C. R. STUART, OF TRINITY HALL.**

The fact that Mr. Stuart figured at bow in the eight that will meet Oxford in the Inter-University Boat Race caused much comment, and many asked why a stroke who had done such remarkable work should give way to the Etonian freshman, R.W.M. Arbuthnot, however good the latter might be. Early last week, and quite unexpectedly, Mr. Stuart took his place at stroke, and Mr. Arbuthnot did not have a place in the boat. Mr. Stuart has stroked Cambridge against Oxford with success on three occasions, and also stroked them against Harvard. He is looked upon as a genius in his way.

Photograph by Stearn.

I am afraid the racing-men who call it a curse are of the selfish order who would prevent the ordinary public from seeing a horse-race of any description. The situation has been met by the formation of a strong Amalgamated Sports Committee, who will do their best to thwart the proposed Bill. I hope they succeed.

Lord Durham, K.G.

Lord Durham, the new Knight of the Garter, who will become Senior Steward of the Jockey Club next month, on the expiration of Mr. Leonard Brassey's term of office, has been one of the most active members of the Jockey Club for years. The present is the fourth time Lord Durham has officiated as steward, and everybody is agreed that no man has done more for the well-being of the Turf. A few of the big plums, but none of the "classics," have fallen to his share, but his horses generally manage to win a fair share of races each season. Lord Durham succeeded to the title thirty years ago, when he was twenty-four years of age, and is a member of a large and sporting family. The first animal to win for him was Inez de Castro, which was purchased out of a selling race at York twenty-eight years ago. Since that time

Lord Durham's name has each year figured in the list of winning owners. Most of his horses are trained at Newmarket, but his colours are as frequently seen in the North as in the South. His patronage of the Stockton and York meetings is extensive. Lord Durham's various experiences as Steward have been with Prince Soltykoff, Mr. J. H. Houldsworth, the Earl of Ellesmere, Lord Rendlesham, the Duke of Richmond (then Lord March), Viscount Downe, Lord Harewood, Lord Crewe, Lord Falmouth; Mr. Arthur James, Colonel E. W. Baird, Captain Green, and Mr. L. Brassey.

Flat Racing. Flat-race gossip grows with growing days, and reminds one that in three weeks the Lincolnshire Handicap will have been decided. Everything seemed to be going along all right with training operations until last week's frost caused a slow-up that is bound to have its effect on the running at Lincoln and Liverpool, and it has probably caused more than one plan to be revised. It is nothing new for us to have a cold spell in late February or early March, and those trainers who make a specialty of early-season racing are wise enough to get their horses nicely forward as soon as they can. Nevertheless, it is distinctly irritating to have to ease up just at the most awkward time. However, fat or fit, we shall soon be amongst the flat-racers again, and things will in consequence brisken up a bit. Each recurring spring we hear that Sloan has applied for a riding-license. And this year is no exception. Whether he is as good as he used to be in the saddle I do not know, but I think the Jockey Club Stewards should give him the chance of showing what he can do this year, especially as so many of the best American owners will be racing on our tracks. Many of the crack flat-race jockeys kept themselves fit by hunting, a pastime that has grown wonderfully popular with jockeys, and now they are pretty well all busy on the exercise-



A PROFESSIONAL GOLFER WHO WEARS THE MEDAL OF ISABELLA THE CATHOLIC: MR. CHARLES JACOBS, OF THE ROYAL ISLE OF WIGHT GOLF CLUB.

The King of Spain has awarded the bronze medal of her Imperial Highness Isabella the Catholic to Mr. Charles Jacobs, the Royal Isle of Wight Golf Club professional. The warrant (translated) reads as follows: "The Secretary of State acquaints you that his Majesty the King of Spain has been pleased to award you the favour and concession of the bronze medal of her Imperial Highness Isabella the Catholic. I point out to you for your satisfaction that the said manifest [medal] can be used with corresponding initials, without which no one can assume the title. God give your life many years.—Signed, Emiris Heridas, Secretary of State."

Photograph by Hamilton.

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A "ROMAN POST" ON THE VILLAGE RUN AT ST. MORITZ: AN AMUSING GYMKHANA EVENT.

Photograph by Ballance.

grounds at Newmarket and elsewhere. One never knows, but I suppose it is safe to say that the jockey championship will again rest between Maher, Higgs, and F. Wootton—with the last-named favourite, if all goes well.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Women and Their Portraits. The exhibition of "Fair Women" at the New Gallery is remarkable for one outstanding fact. For here we see that the modern painter endows the twentieth-century woman with character and individuality, as well as with beauty, whereas the most skilful portraitists of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries were Mohammedan in their attitude towards their feminine sitters, for they invariably denied them a soul. The overplump ladies of Sir Peter Lely wear the aspect of silky, docile cows. The adorable women of the Gainsborough portraits are usually woodland nymphs in eighteenth-century robes. Even Watts was apt to paint the beautiful mask, the outside husk of the great ladies of his time. And as to Winterhalter and his like! No one can doubt that the ex-Empress Eugénie was a Sovereign of character and determination (she is credited, indeed, with having brought about one of the most disastrous wars of modern times), yet on the German Court-painter's canvas we see only a *pincée* lady in a crinoline, who would not have had initiative enough of her own to impose even a new fashion on her contemporaries. There are abysses between such conventional presentations of feminine charm and the portraits of Sargent, Boldini, Orpen, Charles Shannon, Lavery, and William Nicholson. For all these modern masters have something of the spirit of the Renaissance, and see the fundamental woman under the covering of flesh.

The Pleasures of Poverty. "It is delightful to be rich," says the heroine of a very modern novel; "but I sometimes wonder whether it would not be more exquisite to be poor, to do things one can't really afford!" There is more than a dash of truth in this phrase, for "the things we can't afford" are precisely the things which we imagine will be more amusing than the ordinary routine of life. There is a sense of high adventure in squandering money when your finances are low, and you give a hostage to fortune when you expend your last available ten-pound note. In these breathless modern times there is a consensus of opinion that nothing succeeds less than thrift, while parsimony, especially in a young man, is looked upon as a vice. So there is no excuse for hoarding either pounds or pence, since it is only in a state of financial collapse that the highest delights are really yours. I know a cheery individual who, when he is depressed and in a condition which he laconically describes as "stony," always goes out and buys something expensive, or gets up a dinner-party. This, he says, is a sure incentive to work and renewed efforts, whereas he would sink into depression and apathy if he had not made the protest against Fortune of

squandering his last penny. The very rich, I am convinced, have no delight at all in spending money. They write a big cheque with no more emotion than they address an envelope, and the spending of a thousand pounds does not afford them a quarter the delight which the acquisition of some foolish trinket does to one of the leaner kine.

How to Make a Dramatic Success. There are all sorts of ways of making a theatrical success, and possibly some even of our most enterprising managers are not aware of the possibilities of *réclame* which lie ready to hand. Even a masterpiece like "Le Misanthrope" was not assured of a triumph at the Théâtre Français until an ingenious plan for drawing the attention of the public to its merits had been evolved. The audiences, it seems, were scant after the first two or three nights, so the management supplied certain beautiful and well-known ladies not only with boxes, but with new hats, dresses, and bouquets, on the understanding that they should dissolve into tears at the psychological moment, while one or two were to swoon with due regard to the realities, and be carried, corpse-like, to the foyer. Here doctors were summoned, a pretty pother was raised, and the audience, deeply affected—as a theatrical audience always is by any scandal or "scene" which takes place this side of the footlights—went forth to announce the marvellous effect of the play on the sensibilities. It is true that both men and women in the eighteenth century wept with greater facility than they do now, for English "phlegm" has imposed itself on the civilised world, and you cannot easily dissolve an audience into tears; but a few fainting-fits might still be simulated, and a play rescued from oblivion by a lady nightly stretching her length in the stalls.

The Teuton and His Carnival. It cannot be said that we English take our Lenten season sadly nowadays, casting ashes on our foreheads, and apprelling ourselves in sackcloth. With the days of so-called "fasting" invariably begins that pre-Lenten season which results in a crop of dinner-parties; nor is dancing infrequent after Shrove Tuesday, as in Catholic countries, where (if we are to believe the vivacious author of "Marcia in Germany") a perfect Saturnalia is indulged in by the highest society on the night which ends the Carnival. In small South German capitals, it seems, the *Wohlgeborene* indulge in the most extraordinary antics, calling each other "thou," dressing in extravagant fancy dresses, and making love indiscriminately, it being understood that these endearments have no reference to the future and are not to be referred to once the season of fasting has set in. This is the last survival of the ancient Roman Saturnalia, and makes our London sprightliness seem tame indeed.



A COAT AND SKIRT IN CHAMPAGNE-COLOURED CLOTH, TRIMMED WITH BLACK STRAPS.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THE Courts suggest the beginning of the season, even though it will not begin yet. Women are making ready for the coming social campaign, wherein their chief asset is, as of old, personal charm. The days when it sufficed are no more—indeed, one is justified in wondering whether they ever existed, save in the minds of idealists. However it may be, beauty unadorned has a poor chance nowadays. So far as we have learned from past and from preparations for that to come, there is no material change in dress. Skirts are fuller round the hem, bodices are longer waisted—that is all. The Watteau pleats and Trianon paniers may be awaiting us round the corner; if so, they are keeping absolutely out of sight.

What I notice very much is the great change for the better in our design and artistic work in jewellery. Smart women no longer swear by Paris for this kind of setting to their smartness. By no means; what they think now is that the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, in Regent Street, set diamonds as daintily and beautifully as any French firm, and they do it so that the ornaments are strong and lasting, delicate as they look. Also in their designs they use really fine stones—never a spotted one or one off colour. Each is perfect, even if it be tiny. There have been scares in the market about the values of stones. These have proved fallacious; but they affected many owners of fine diamonds in large and small quantities, cut in the rough. The Goldsmiths Company was, in consequence, enabled to secure bargains. These, in accordance with the system which has made their enormous success, are extended to their customers, who reap the benefit of them to the full. The designs are as varied as they are beautiful, which is saying much. The brooch and two pendants which are illustrated are in diamonds and pearls, and in that exquisitely delicate lace-work setting that is so much admired. There are some large stones, while each of the little ones that go to make the curves and bows and fringes and flowers is an absolutely perfect gem.

I saw a very beautiful beryl-and-diamond necklace the other day, which had come from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' fine salons in Regent Street. It was a thing of beauty, the large, soft, almost luminous blue stones, set into a perfectly lovely lace frost-flower-like design in diamonds. Some friends of mine have had their massive ornaments broken up, and are having them set in the modern and most artistic way which is really worthy of the fine stones. The designs were submitted to them by the Goldsmiths Company's special designers: they are loose, and in an exquisitely conceived pendant are wreaths of diamonds with specially fine stones hanging in the centre, their brilliancy, perhaps, further shown up with a circle of rubies, set in calibre style, and there is a brooch in calibre-set diamonds and rubies. Each thing is a work of art, in which fine stones bear their part unostentatiously; but oh! so beautifully—not, as used to be the case, set up to proclaim their own intrinsic value as their one merit: several grouped together, to conquer only by their brilliance. Depend upon it, the way to success is to study the interests of customers as well as that of the firm. The Goldsmiths Company have made themselves a world-wide reputation for being first in this matter, and they have also taken the lead in keeping neck-and-neck with the times as to design, workmanship, and the following of the ever-changing fashion in jewelled ornaments.

On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a champagne-coloured cloth coat and skirt trimmed with black straps and buttons. The skirt is quite plain, and the style Hanoverian, with a jabot of the same period.

The Countess of Granard had her Court dress from Paris. It is of white satin, soft and rich, with a design raised on it in velvet. It was raised a little at the back, giving a little Empire effect. The lines were kept long, and the dress was draped with most rare old lace. The train was quite narrow at the top, growing gradually wider to the hem; it was attached at the back, under a large ornament of white diamonds, and it was lined with silver tissue. A round crown-shaped tiara, collar, necklace, and ornaments of diamonds were worn. The Countess went to Court in a royal carriage, her husband being Master of the Horse. His full dress is very gorgeous. The scarlet tunic has seventeen rows, double, of gold-plait embroidery on it—ten above the waist, seven below. It is practically a mass of gold. The collar and cuffs are blue velvet and are ornamented handsomely with gold, and there are gold shoulder-cords and aiguillettes. The blue-cloth trousers have scarlet-cloth stripes down the sides. The sword is a thing of beauty. It has a scimitar blade, with a Mameluke hilt and an ivory-and-gilt horse's head

grip. The scabbard is steel, with gilt mountings. His Majesty's Master of the Horse in full dress presents a gallant figure.

There was a wonderful show of jewels at the Court. It was remarked that many were in periods to match, down to the smallest ornament, the dresses with which they were worn. This following of fashion in jewelled ornaments, and wearing them so that there is perfect artistic harmony, is due largely to the enterprise of the Parisian Diamond Company, as through them it is possible to have ornaments of all periods at moderate cost. In this way even temporary changes of fashion can be followed. The gems look as well as the costliest, neither design nor workmanship being less fine than that for mounting the most valuable jewels.

Mrs. George Cornwallis West went to Court to present her daughter-in-law Mrs. Winston Churchill. She was dressed all in black, and wore black plumes and veil, because of the recent death of her husband's little nephew, Earl Grosvenor. Her dress was a mass of jet and diamanté embroidery. Her tall daughter-in-law was in white satin, with a long stole of lovely silver embroidery on tulle hanging down the front, and a plain satin train attached to the shoulders by a silver girdle. She wore a big diamond sun in her bodice, and a tiara and necklace of diamonds.

The engagement of a Duke's second son is always of interest to Society, and this is specially the case when the bridegroom-elect is a member of so famous a ducal family as that of Gordon-Lennox. Lord Esmé

Gordon-Lennox is very popular in the neighbourhood of Goodwood, as well as in the London world, and he is making what may truly be called a suitable match, for his charming fiancée is one of the pretty daughters of Lord and Lady de Ramsey, and a first-cousin of the Duke of Marlborough. The Misses Fellowes have been admirably educated; they are very musical—a gift which endears them to Queen Alexandra, who is godmother to the eldest of the three sisters; they are also particularly fond of amateur theatricals, being exceptionally good actresses.

When Miss Elise Clerc left the Empire Theatre for the rival house across the road it was at least likely that her undoubted talent would turn to the best possible use, and she was promptly requested to prepare the divertissement

"On the Square," that was produced last week and met with such a favourable reception. It is a commendably brief affair, very gaily dressed, very brightly handled, and set to airs that have done duty on many occasions in the world of the music-hall and lighter comedy stage. We are introduced to a party of English folk who have come over to America in an aeroplane, and are led to believe that by the time when aeroplanes go across the Atlantic the spirit of hustle in New York will have reached its final achievement. Certainly, if the chief city of the United States of America lived its life in these years at the pace maintained on the Alhambra stage, complete mental and physical exhaustion would supervene in less than forty-eight hours. For little more than half an hour the proceedings are perfectly tempestuous. Certainly "On the Square" provides a very amusing entertainment; every member of the audience can forget his troubles in the anxious hope that the performers will ultimately find time to recover their breath.

The Hon. Mrs. W. R. W. Peel, who now takes her place among Conservative hostesses, was the eldest daughter of one of our greatest magnates of commerce. She was the Hon. Eleanor Williamson, her father having been the first Lord Ashton, and, according to rumour, her income, even as a bride, was fixed at the very fine figure of £10,000 a year. Mr. and Mrs. "Willy" Peel were for some years the tenants of Lord Essex at Cassiobury, and they gave there some very interesting political parties—one such, in July two years ago, having gathered together all the more brilliant figures on the Unionist and Conservative side of politics.

Lady Chelmsford, whose husband has just been appointed Governor of New South Wales, and who will therefore have to represent the feminine grace and charm of the Mother Country in one of the most important of British Colonies, comes of a noted clan, for she is Lord and Lady Wimborne's eldest daughter, being regarded in her own world as a typical Churchill rather than a typical Guest. Lady Chelmsford is the devoted mother of five children, of whom the youngest is now in his sixth year. She has inherited her mother's wonderful energy and elocutionary powers, and she served a splendid apprenticeship to public life when Lord Chelmsford was Governor of Queensland.

CHARMING JEWELLERY
AT THE GOLDSMITHS
AND SILVERSMITHS,
REGENT STREET, W.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 10.

OPPORTUNITIES IN YANKEES.

UNLESS a man happens to be on the spot, in or near Throgmorton Street, his chances of making money in Americans are not great. Even the private line to the provinces is a manner of communication not speedy enough to enable an operator to take advantage of the market twists and turns. For the time being, prices are ruled by the developments in copper and steel. One might have supposed that a heavy fall in the value of these metals would have been good for such large consumers as Railroad Companies, but the metal and the railroad interests are bound up so inextricably that if Steel shares go down, Unions will be affected by sympathy, although the Union Pacific may save large sums of money by the purchase of steel at a price which started the fall in the Corporation's shares. The man on the spot, by shrewd and swift dealing, can often snatch a dollar here and a dollar there by sheer gambling. He won't always be right, but if his judgment is sound, and he cares to play with a hundred pounds or so, it ought not to be a very difficult matter to keep on the right side of the account. But above all things let him eschew the bucket-shop.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange, Feb. 27, 1909.

Miserable things, war-scares. There's precious little satisfaction to be got out of them by anybody. Bears make money, of course, but whether they rake in a lot is doubtful. The scares stop business, cause prices to fall without stock changing hands, and create a feeling of general insecurity all the way round.

The newspapers of the rag type make matters far worse than is necessary. Upon the responsible dailies there are special men who, when international trouble breaks out, are appointed to look after this particular business, to study its every aspect, to weigh each line of news cabled by correspondents. If the news is improbable, it is either inserted with words of warning or left out altogether; if it is, to the eye of the expert, obviously rubbish, it is thrown away. Almost every word is carefully weighed, measured, and examined before a first-rate paper will publish it.

But the rags! Why, they delight in "scare-stuff," revel in rumours, survive by sensation. With the huge circulation of these yellow-press papers, the mischief they can do is quite noteworthy, and the indefatigable press-agencies re-cable to the Continent that "the London *Daily So-and-So* takes a grave view of the position." On this side, we know well how much weight to attach to the news of the *Daily So-and-So*, but over the water the paper may be regarded as a responsible one, and a certain amount of harm done. I cannot understand how it is that journalists as a whole, for the sake of the fair fame of their profession, do not arise and put a stop, as they might, to the degradation of their calling by a section of the gutter press.

It is good that the Stock Exchange should have got through the first two months of the year without any failures, and one wishes, more piously than hopefully, that the record for the whole of 1909 may be as clean. I shall feel obliged if some of my statistical and historical friends will be kind enough to tell me whether the Stock Exchange has ever known a year in which no failures at all occurred.

The Budget, they say in the House, is discounted as a bear point for the Consol Market. Well, we must hope it is so; but I am not so sure on the point. There are many serious elements fighting against the Funds at present, and few enough on the other side. To my mind, the bears of Consols will come out right yet, although, so far as the Budget is concerned, the immediate effect of Mr. Lloyd George's statement may be to send the bears to cover.

People tell us to buy Home Rails whenever prices go flat. The traffics are indicated as showing that the turn of the tide has come at last, and that the trade of the country is on the eve of another revival. (Pity the poor Tariff Reformers if it is!) Some of the weekly decreases begin to look a little less portentous—the Midland and the "Leeds" figures, for instance. The effect of the large economies which the Railway Companies are now making in their expenditure has not really been felt as a market influence, and if a glimmer of hope of increased dividends comes into focus, it is tolerably certain that prices will shoot up. There is, of course, an awful lot of nonsense being talked now about British money being invested in foreign securities. Naturally British money will seek any channels where 5 per cent. with tolerable safety can be secured, and to say that the public buy Argentine bonds in preference to Home Railway stocks, because the latter are subject to "Socialistic legislation," is mere party clap-trap and nothing else. Its rank hypocrisy—I speak as a non-politician—will be all the more apparent when the day arrives in which hope can be discerned of better times in store for Home Railways, because then money will pour into the home securities; and the 5 per cent. bondholder, with a good investment but without chance of much capital improvement, will sell the bonds and turn the cash into Midland Deferred, North Western, Great Western, North Eastern Consols, and the like, where a slightly lower rate of present dividend will be compensated by the chance of a good advance in the price of the stock.

West Africans being so low-priced, a great number of people took up shares which they bought when the rise started. This take-up gave the market the appearance of considerable strength, but really the account is a weak bull affair, nearly as much as though the buyers had contangoed, instead of paid for, their shares. On relapses, out come the shares, and there are no supporters except the shops, which cannot go on taking shares indefinitely. Years hence, West Africans will no doubt take their place beside the shares in radium companies as highly desirable and staple investments, but that for a long time to come they will be nothing better than gambling counters is the opinion of better authorities than

THE HOUSE HAUNTER

THE CHARTERED POSITION.

A correspondent finds serious fault with us for writing last week about the Rhodesian Railways "not earning half their Debenture interest," when, as a matter of fact, he says the Rhodesia Railway Company for the year ending September 1907 earned 53 per cent. of the sum required, and from figures of present traffics he concludes that it is earning four-fifths of its fixed charges. We hope it is so, and that, as he says, Rhodesia has at length turned the corner; but nothing in the Chartered report or in the admirably restrained speech of the chairman makes us over-confident on this point. When we remember that in 1907 white inhabitants were flocking out of the Transvaal in tens of thousands, and the mail-boats were often bringing third-class passengers to this country at the rate of three or four hundred a voyage, the influx of 946 white

immigrants into Rhodesia in thirteen months does not impress us as a gigantic sign of progress, nor does the studied silence as to Professor Wallace's report on the agricultural prospects of the country make us more confident. This report has been in the hands of the Board for three months, but not a line of it has been allowed to see the light; nor did any of the official speakers at the meeting refer to it, as they would have done if it had been of an encouraging nature.

THE "MINING MANUAL" FOR 1909.

Mr. Skinner's new "Mining Manual" comes as a boon to those who require a handy book of reference in connection with their mining speculations or investments. In form it remains pretty much what it has been for some years past, but the new Companies' Act, while adding to the labour of the compiler, has enabled him to add much useful information to that which he has been able to give in former times. In the new volume some 3500 Mining Companies are dealt with, while the index enables another 1500, which have been absorbed by or amalgamated with other concerns, to be traced. The information contained is brought up to date, and the latest prices given are those ruling at the end of January, while the tables of crushings and gold-yields are complete for the whole of 1908 and conveniently placed at the beginning of the volume.

Saturday, Feb. 27, 1909.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IGNORAMUS.—The only thing you can do is to prove in the liquidation of the London and Paris for the present price of the twenty undelivered shares. You may get some small dividend, but we doubt it.

S. W. P.—If you were to buy City of Wellington Waterworks Loan (don't have any other) paying 6 per cent. at 118, or Port Elizabeth 4 per cent. loan, or Foreign, American, and General Trust 5 per cent. Pref. at about 113, or Gas Light and Coke Ordinary stock you would have what you want.

TYNEDALE.—We still think you may sign the form and will suffer no harm. With bearer securities it is safer to keep them under hypothecation than without, as it settles all questions of the bankers' liability for safe custody, etc.

H. M. W. AND C. C. H.—Your letters were fully answered on the 24th ult.

IGNORANT.—You could easily exchange for something paying higher interest; but if it is a safe income you want, the Central American bonds you name can hardly be recommended. People buy them at rubbish prices for big capital improvement. If you will take risks, neither are bad speculations. Chinese Gold 1895 or Bahia Gold Loan or Uruguay will provide fairly safe interest.

R. A. L.—The address is 79, Coleman Street, London, E.C. We do not know the firm.

MAORI.—"Q" says he has no special information, but the possibilities are so great that he should take up the new shares. Your letter reached us too late for last week's issue.

S. H. W.—The Report is just issued, and can be purchased at the office, 17, Moorgate Street, for 2s. 6d.

R. H. N.—The great depression in South Africa has affected the Brewery; but if the Union comes off, profits will improve with the general prosperity of the country. We should average No. 1. As to the mine, we are rather despairing about it.

R.T.H.—We have not space to print your letter, but you will find it referred to in this week's Notes.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Should the weather allow of the postponed Doncaster meeting taking place we shall have quite a busy time this week. I append a few selections:—Leicester (to-day): Worksop Steeplechase, Grit; Thurmaston Steeplechase, Ruby Light; Moderate Hurdle, Persius; March Steeplechase, Time Test. Doncaster (to-morrow): Doncaster Steeplechase, Jack; Stapleton Steeplechase, Tussle; Corporation Hurdle, Salamet; Fitzwilliam Steeplechase, Spinning Coin. Friday: Try Again Steeplechase, King Carlos; Barnby Hurdle, Cherry Royal; Town Moor Steeplechase, Gale II.; Stockil Hurdle, The Drudge. Sandown Park (to-morrow): Aiselle Hurdle, Rodney; Warren Hurdle, Ballsirenen; Corinthian Cup (Steeplechase), Norman the Fiddler; Liverpool Trial Steeplechase, Mount Prospect's Fortune. Friday (Grand Military): Gold Cup, Ross; Sandown Maiden Hurdle, Maudburg; Past and Present Steeplechase, Abelard; Maiden Hunters' Steeplechase, Dimminsdale. Saturday: Grand Military Steeplechase, Sprinkle Me; Imperial Cup (hurdle-race). Blind Hookey; Tally Ho Steeplechase, Downpatrick; United Service Steeplechase, Irish Wisdom; Maiden Steeplechase, Varsity.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Tono-Bungay."
By H. G. WELLS.
(Macmillan.)

Curiously enough, for the choice was haphazard, both Mr. Wells, in "Tono-Bungay," and Mr. Barry Pain, in "The Gifted Family," exploit advertising, commercial advertising, although in neither book is the publicity attained by payment the only feature. Mr. Wells' characters are far more closely concerned with Tono-Bungay than are Mr. Pain's with Renard et Cie. The tonic is the life's-blood of the Ponderevos; the scent, but a stimulant for the Prendergasts. On Tono-Bungay the little chemist of Wimblehurst floats to fortune, and, eventually, being over-prodigal in his ideas, to disaster; on the perfume the little bookseller of the Finchley Road floats to some hundreds a year and serenity. George Ponderevo, writing the story of his life, prefers to liken his uncle's progress to that of the rocket rather than the craft.

Astraddle on Tono-Bungay, he flashed athwart the empty heavens—like a comet—rather, like a stupendous rocket!—and overawed investors spoke of his star. At his zenith he burst into a cloud of the most magnificent promotions. . . . I was his nephew, his peculiar and intimate nephew. I was hanging on his coat-tails all the way through. I made pills with him in the chemist's shop at Wimblehurst before he began. I was, you might say, the stick of his rocket; and after our tremendous soar, after he had played with millions, a golden rain in the sky, after my bird's-eye view of the modern world, I fell again. . . .

And out of it all comes the book and the deduction—

I have come to see myself from the outside, my country from the outside—without illusions. We make and pass. We are all things that make and pass, striving upon a hidden mission, out to the open sea.

So much for George Ponderevo's attitude at the end. It is attained after much adventuring. As small boy, son of a housekeeper, he is apprenticed to a baker uncle, then to the chemist uncle. All the time he studies, and loves. His loves lead him to work for Tono-Bungay, to disappointment, to passion, to an everlasting haunting pain, his studies set him seeking to solve the problem of flight. While the patent medicine and its attendant preparations are being made to hum, while he is forcing things to "woosht," as Edward Ponderevo grows to power, becomes a Napoleon of finance, George is working on the "Lord Roberts β," and it is on that dirigible that, after the crisis and the last great undertaking, he carries his uncle 'cross Channel to exile, and death. Mr. Wells is in many moods in this, his latest book; and very characteristically so. In all, he holds the attention fast.

"The Gifted Family."

BY BARRY PAIN.
(Methuen.)

Mr. Barry Pain is less ambitious in his scheme, but entertaining, nevertheless. Truth to tell, the gifted family, as a family, count for but little in his story. All that matters is the love of Sandra Prendergast for Dr. Saraden, and his love for her. The pair meet in somewhat novelettish fashion. The middle Venetian blind of the bookseller's shop is turned the wrong way. "People in the road could see in, you know." So it is that the Harley Street specialist sees the beautiful Sandra for the first time, while he is waiting for the burst tyre of his motor-car to be mended, and so it is that he accepts the invitation to "come in." Again he sees Sandra, more clearly, and a little later, knowing that she is looking for secretarial work, he makes her his secretary. Cupid is in immediate attention. Equalling him in ardour is a jealous artist. The Doctor is a married man. Therefore complications arise. Sandra learns the fact from her lover himself—

She listened now as Saraden asked her where she imagined he was on Christmas Day.

"I don't know at all. Tell me."

"First of all it was a sluggish Sunday. . . . Then a big grey house. . . . I was taken up at once to one of the private sitting-rooms. A woman sat there with unseeing eyes. . . . Her attendant, a woman in nurse's uniform, rose, with a penny novelette in her hands, and went out, leaving me alone with the woman by the fire. She still stared at the fire. I spoke to her by name, but she gave no sign of recognition. She was without movement, her heavy body huddled in the chair, her fat hands with the broken finger-nails spread out on the loose black dress. Ah!" He looked up and saw Sandra's face of pain and horror. She had guessed.

The result is the telling of the whole story, and Sandra's decision that their lives shall not be wrecked by this woman of the living-dead in black dress and with broken finger-nails—

"I will come with you," she said. . . . There was a thrill in her voice that he had not heard before. It was the love-note of the birds in spring-time. He found no words for what he wished to say. As he stood silent, Camp entered. He presented a telegram. Saraden tore open the envelope and read it. It was a long telegram, covering two or three of the regulation forms. He threw it down on the table. "No answer," he said to Camp.

Sandra heard the door closed.

"We shall not go away together to-night," said Saraden. "We are free now. . . ."

"She is dead, then?" said Sandra, in an awed voice.

"She died suddenly. . . ."

Meantime the other members of the gifted family have progressed according to their particular tastes, and their father has become partner in Renard et Cie., and capitalist. Thus all ends well.

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